



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

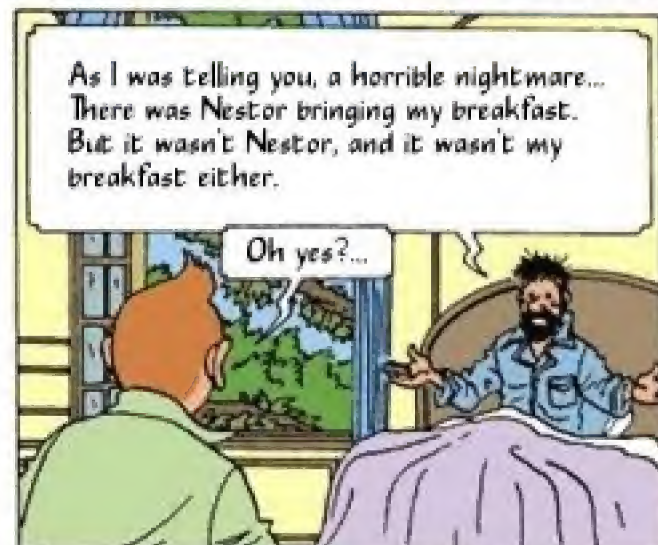
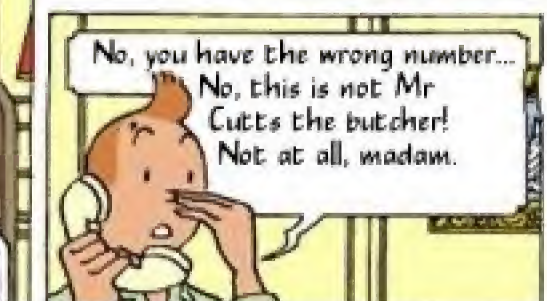
TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



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TINTIN and ALPH-ART

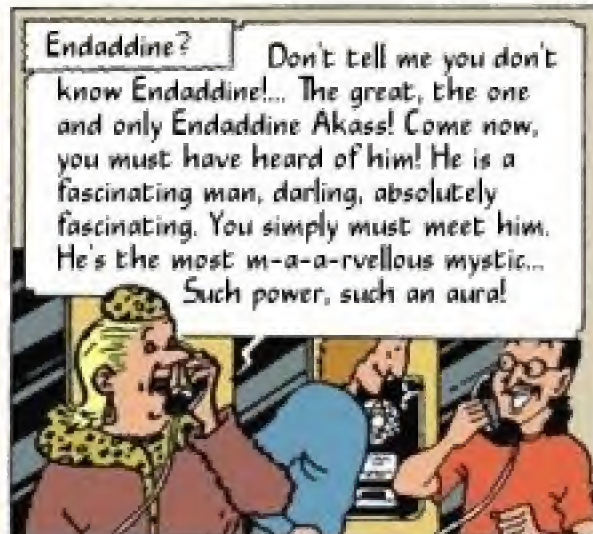




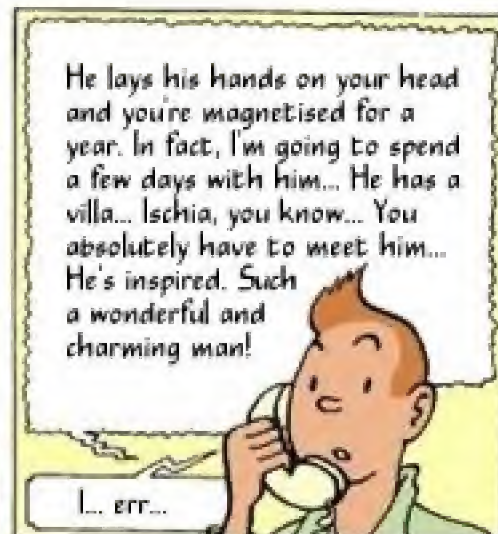


Oh? Um... could you come and visit tomorrow?

Oh, no!... Tomorrow is impossible - I have a date with Endaddine!



Endaddine? Don't tell me you don't know Endaddine!... The great, the one and only Endaddine Akass! Come now, you must have heard of him! He is a fascinating man, darling, absolutely fascinating. You simply must meet him. He's the most m-a-a-rvellous mystic... Such power, such an aura!



He lays his hands on your head and you're magnetised for a year. In fact, I'm going to spend a few days with him... He has a villa... Ischia, you know... You absolutely have to meet him... He's inspired. Such a wonderful and charming man!

I... err...

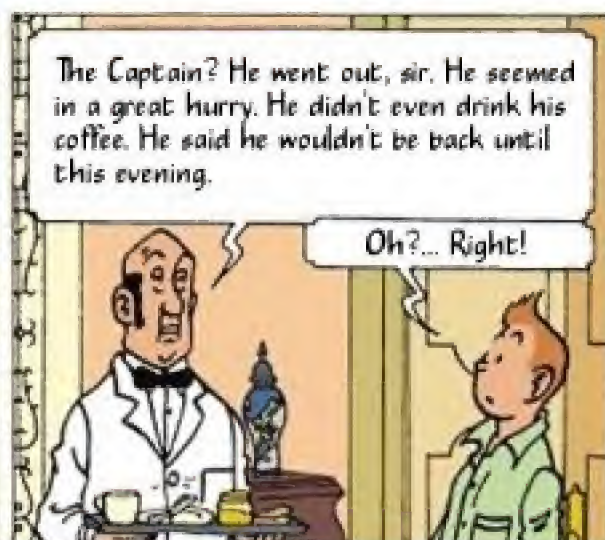


But I must leave you now, I'm going window-shopping. Lots of kisses to my dear Paddock and Calculoopy. Ciao!

Goodbye, Signora.



Captain! Hey, Captain!

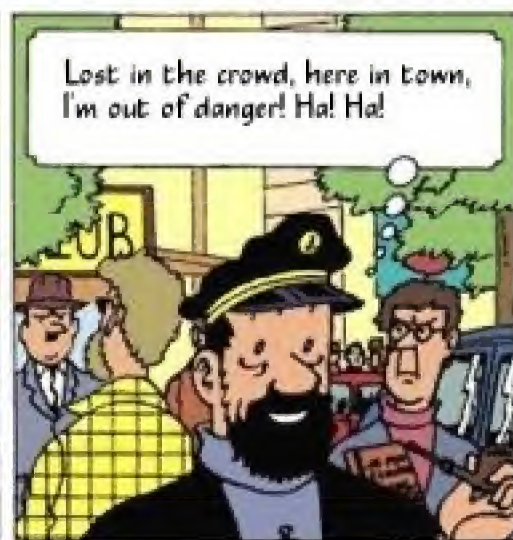


The Captain? He went out, sir. He seemed in a great hurry. He didn't even drink his coffee. He said he wouldn't be back until this evening.

Oh?... Right!



Yes, there's nothing I wouldn't do to escape her!



Lost in the crowd, here in town, I'm out of danger! Ha! Ha!

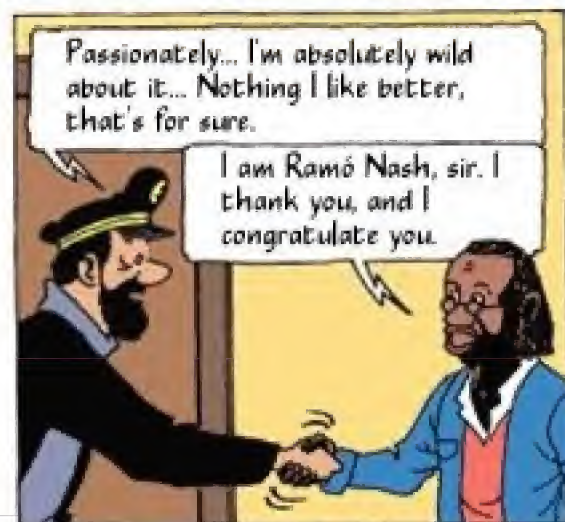
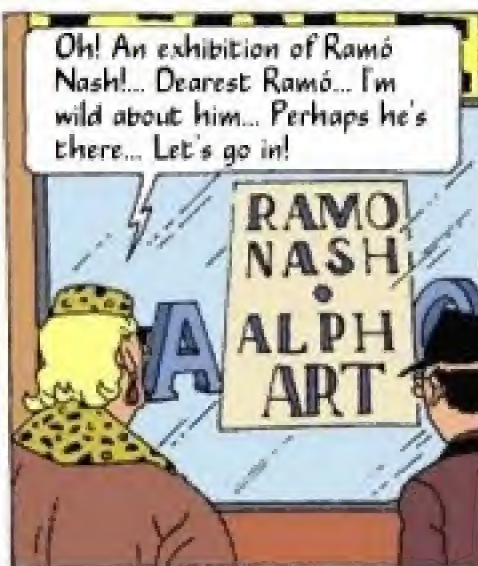


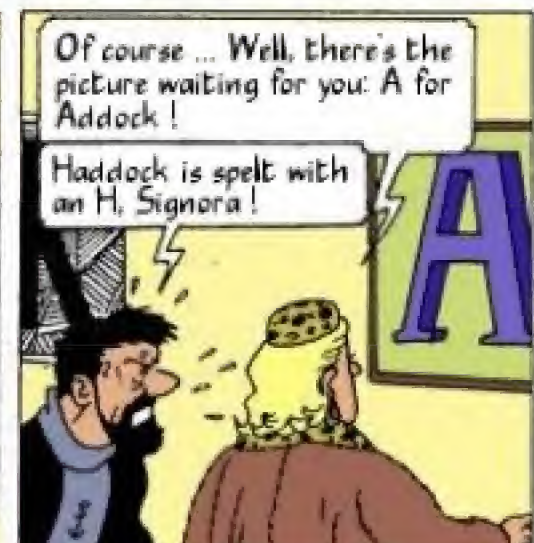
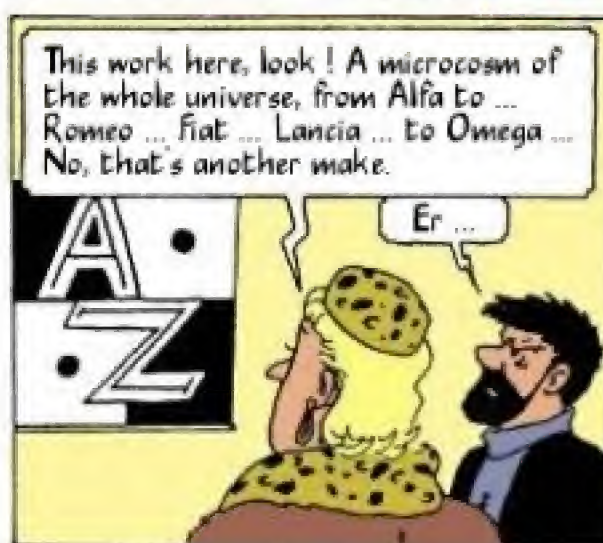
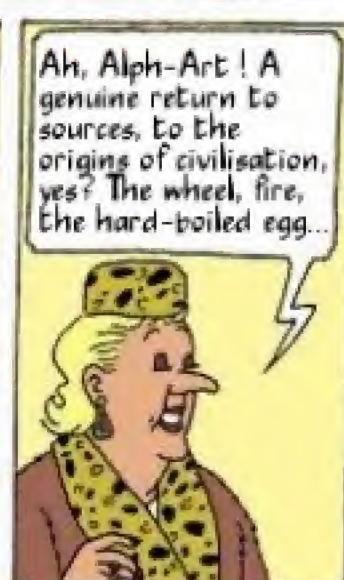
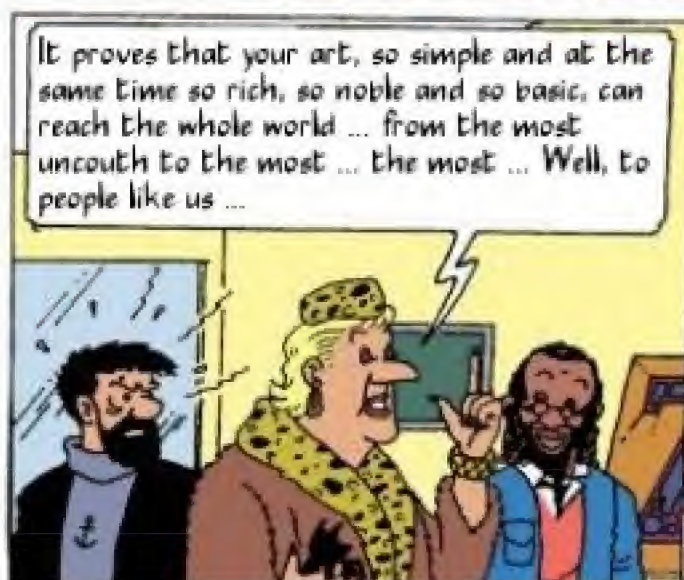
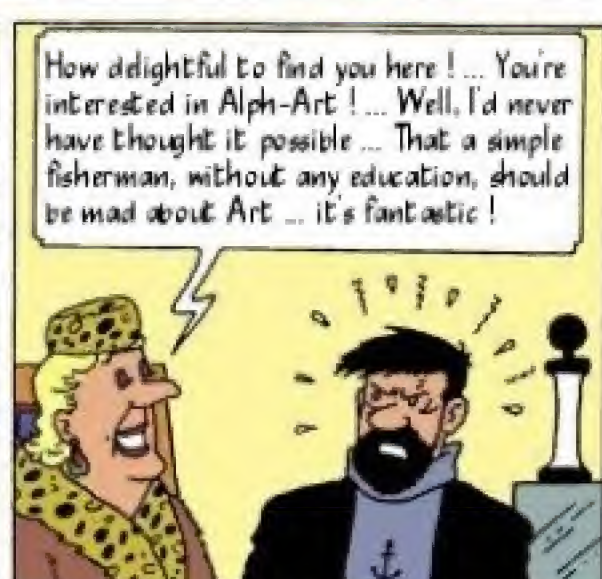
NOOO!

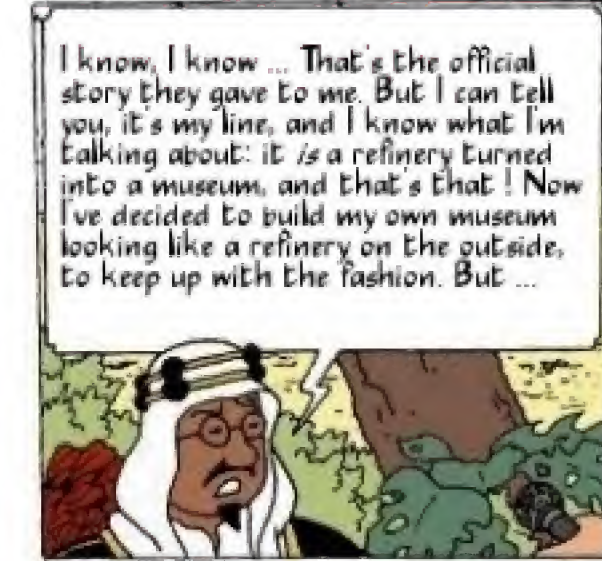
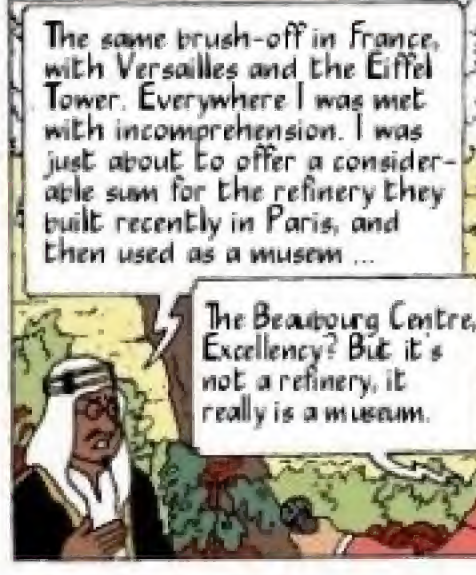
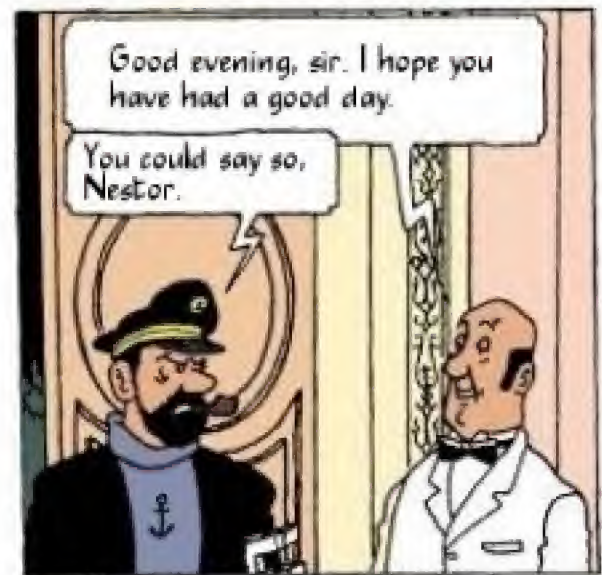


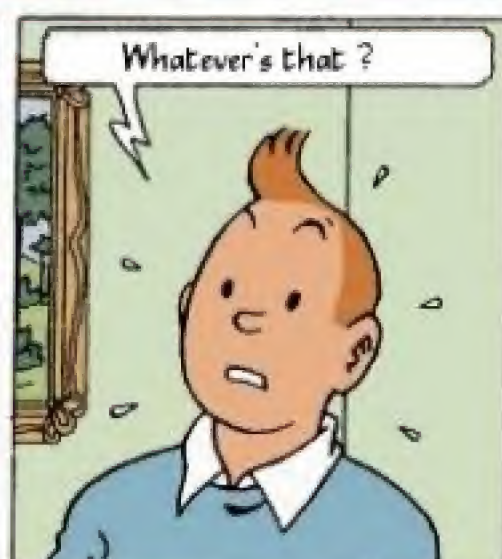
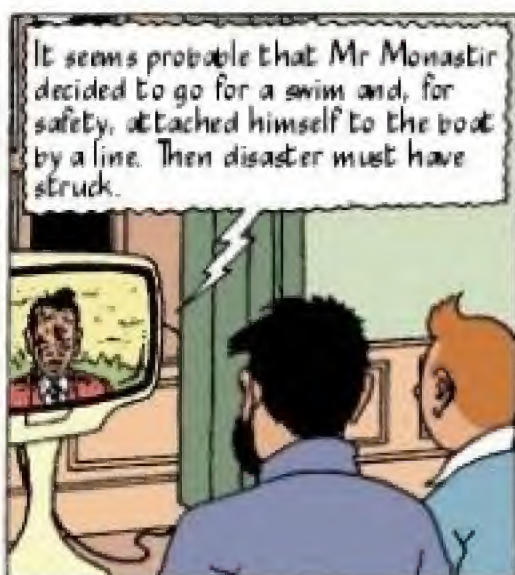
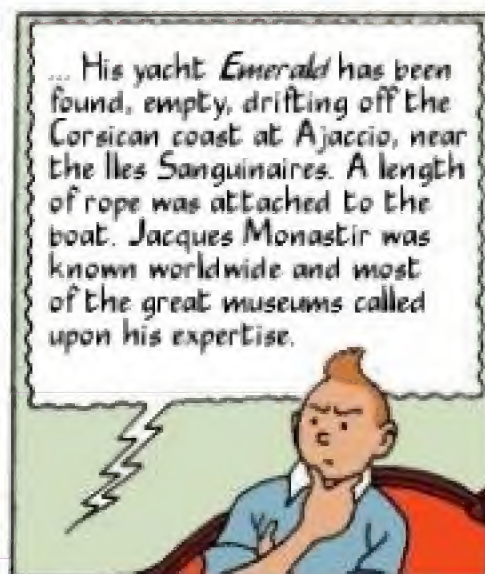
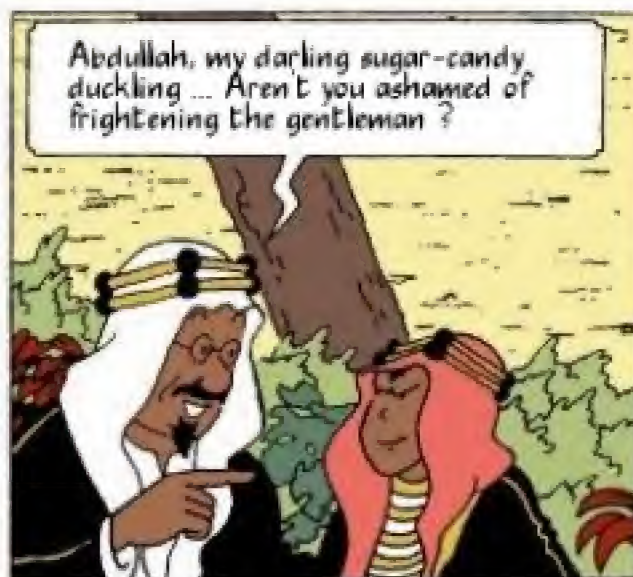
Catastrophe! Catadysm! Calamity! Good heavens, what can I do?

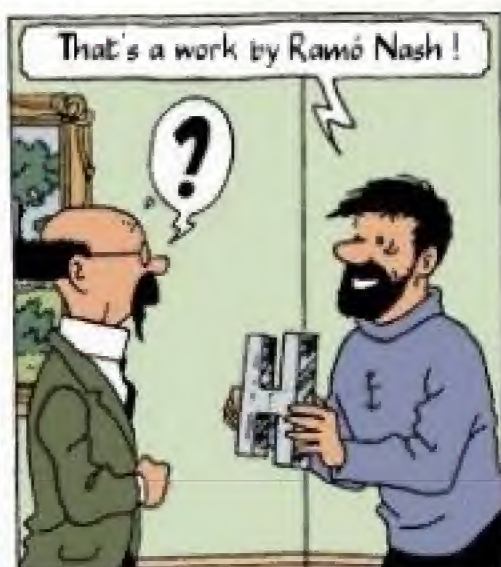














It isn't for anything !!! It's Alph-Art, that's all. And it isn't for anything !



Oh, good ! Oh well! Oh ! Good, good, good.

Well, well.



And what fair wind blows you here, gentlemen ?

Well, it's like this.



Perhaps you know that Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is on a visit to this country ...

Yes, we just saw him on television.



Well, we have received certain information which makes us fear a terrorist attack upon him.

Really ?

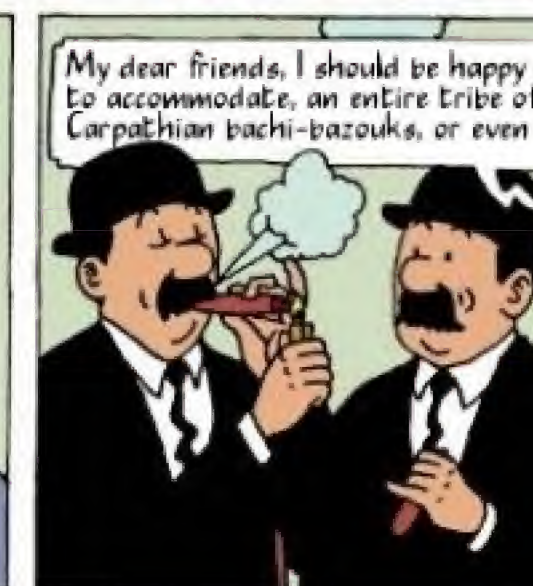


Yes, it's feared that he may be kidnapped by a Palestinian commando.



Well, we thought that perhaps, since you know him well, you might put him up here, incognito, him and his son ... A cigar, Captain ?

Thanks.



My dear friends, I should be happy to accommodate, an entire tribe of Carpathian bachi-bazouks, or even ...



... or even a herd of fully-grown buffalo ... but have young Abdullah here ? Never again ! Not a chance !



But he's the nicest little boy in the world ... These cigars were smoking, he gave them to us himself.

That was kind, eh ?

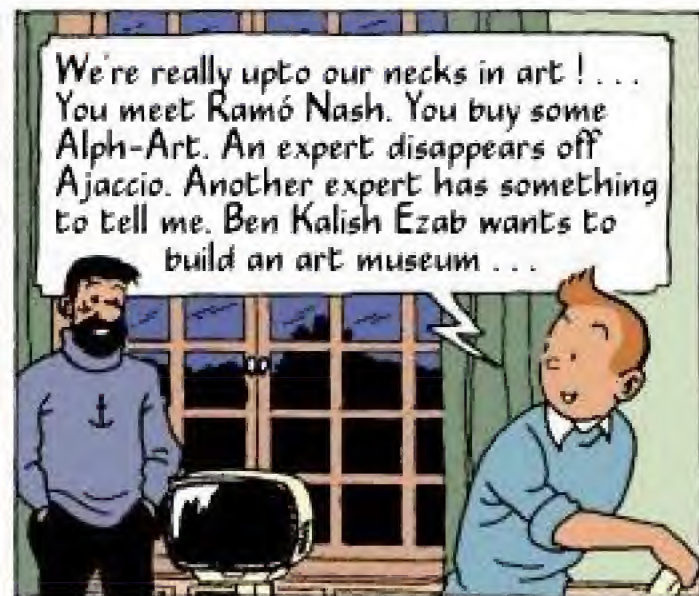
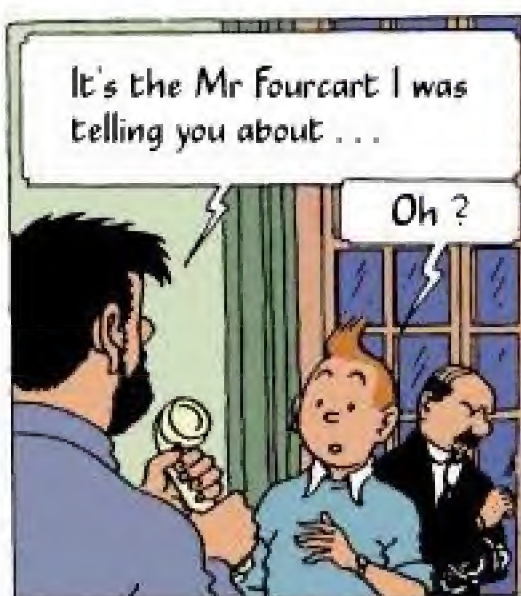


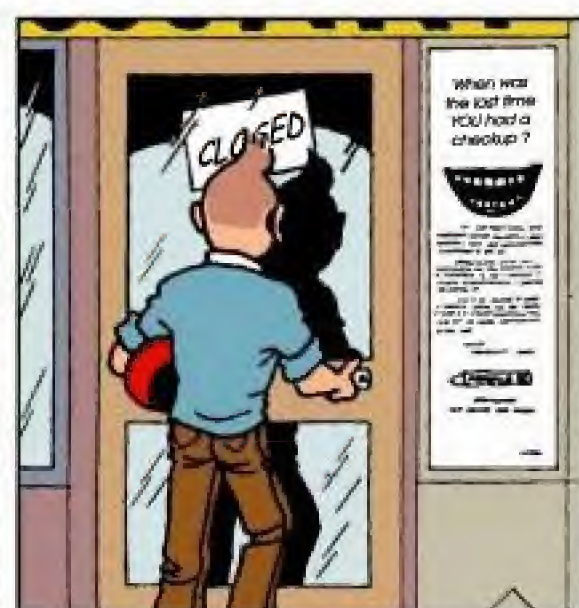
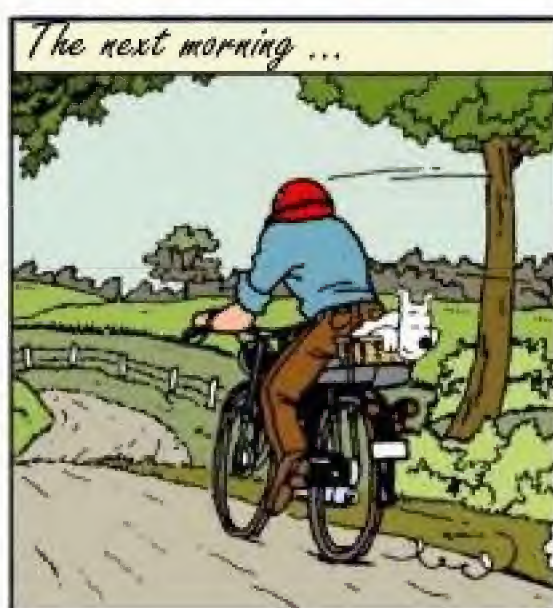
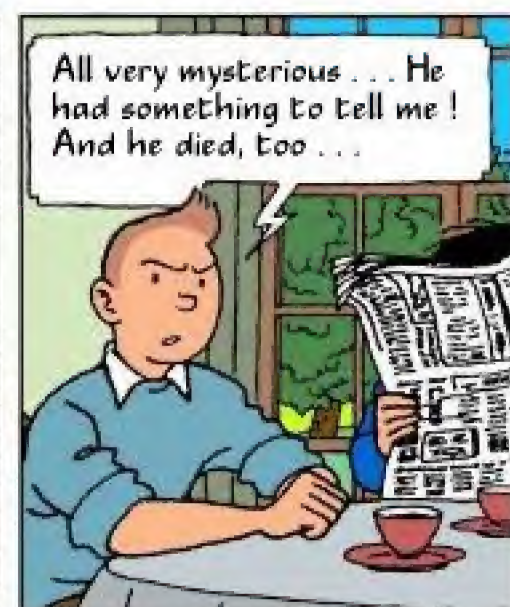
You think so ? Well, if I were you I'd watch out, because that little brat ...



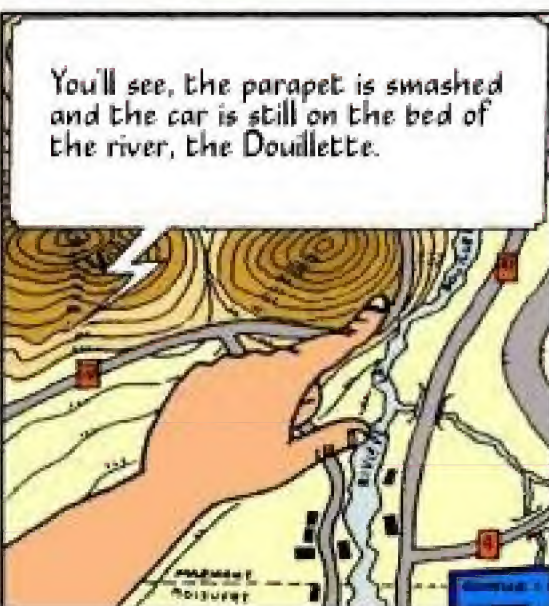
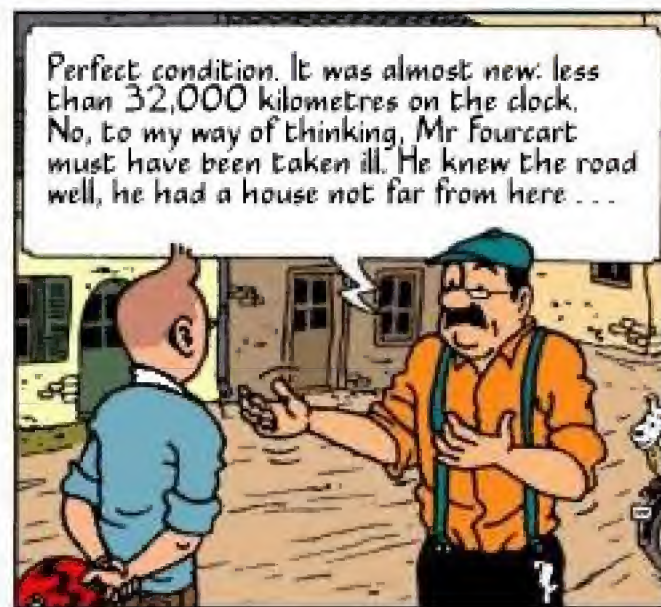
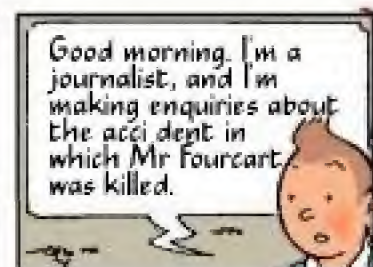
BANG ! BANG !

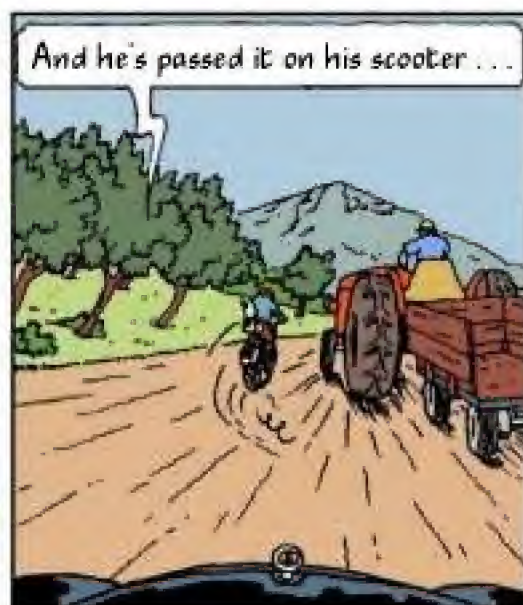


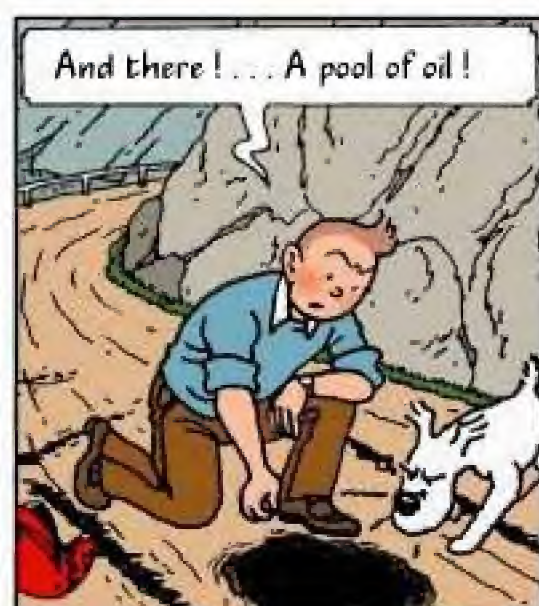
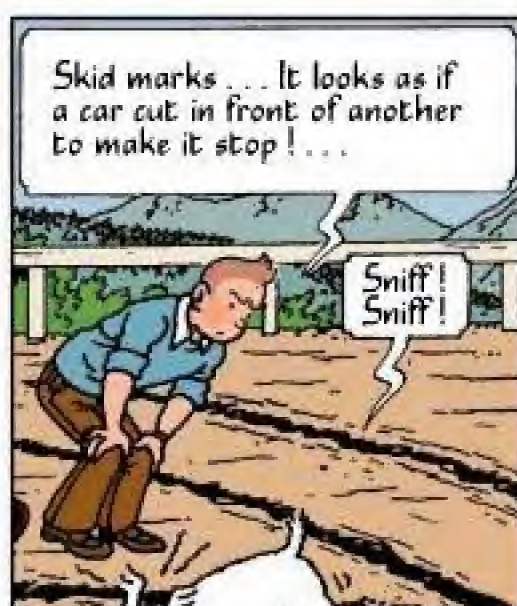
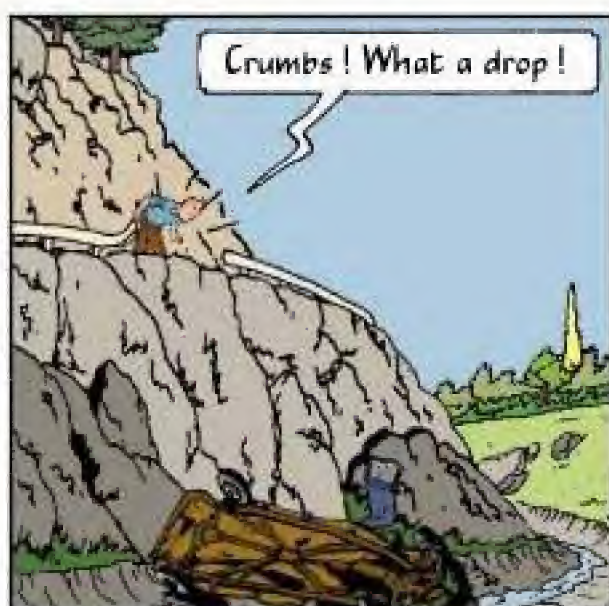
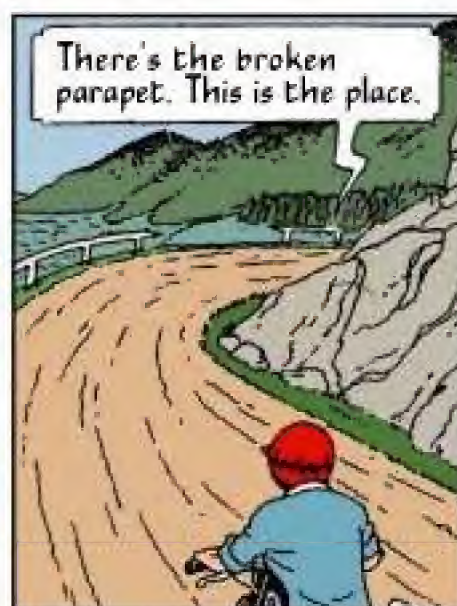












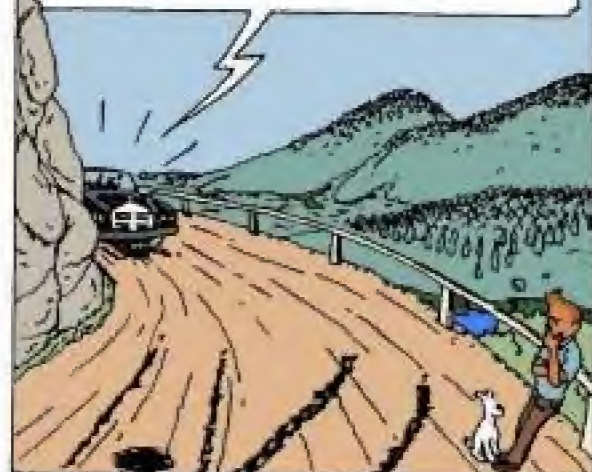
Let's see... the garage man talked about a small oil leak - but perhaps the car was standing for quite a long time... And if someone forced Fourcart to stop...



... Then it really was murder... And the other 'accident', to Monastir, was murder as well...



There he is!... This time, don't miss!...



Look out! Another car!



He must be crazy!

Missed!



Stop here and reverse back... This has taken too long already! It needs to be finished now!



This time he won't escape... and too bad it won't look like an accident!



That's dangerous! Reversing in a place like this!...



LOOK OUT!



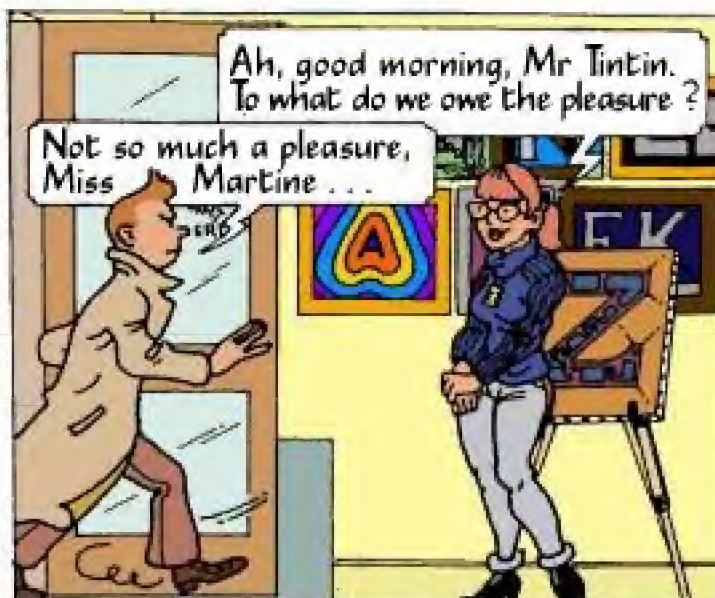




The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more
convinced that Mr Fourcart's
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that
yesterday, someone tried to kill
me too.

What did you say?
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,
one single person knew that I
was going to see Fleurotte at
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande
... And that
person is ...

YOU!

Me?

Yes, you! ... Who did you tell
I was going to Leignault?

But ... but I told no one,
I swear to you! ...

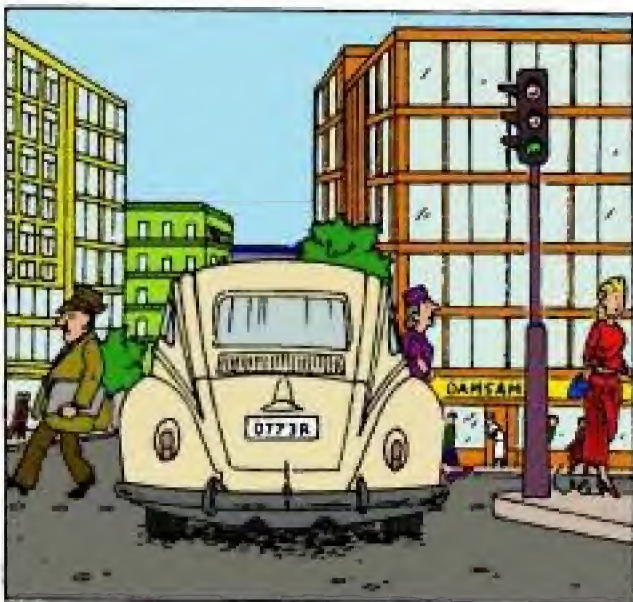
Yes?

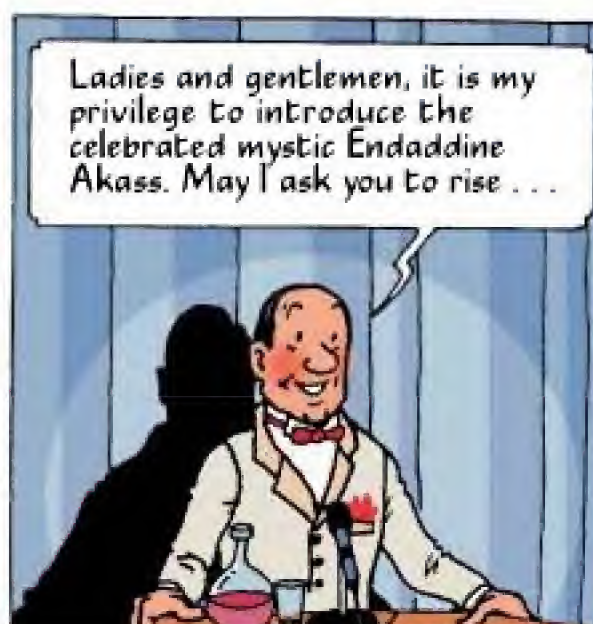
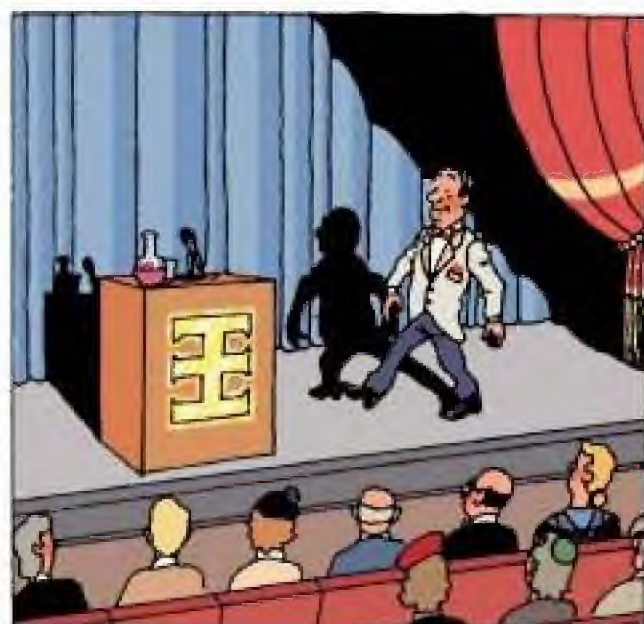
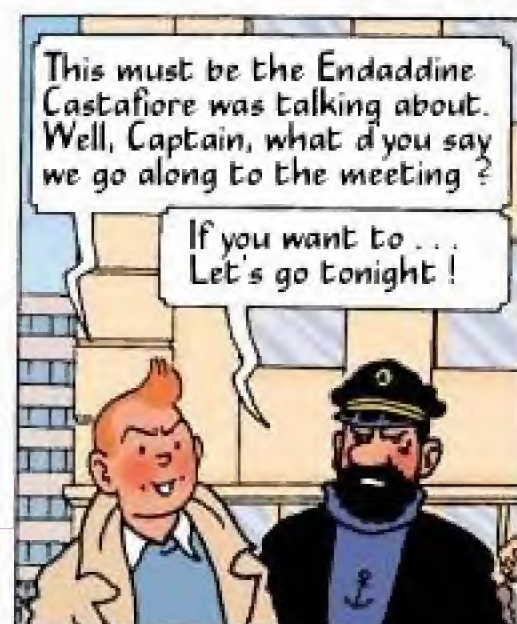
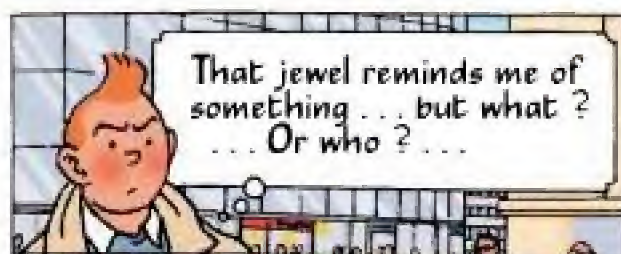
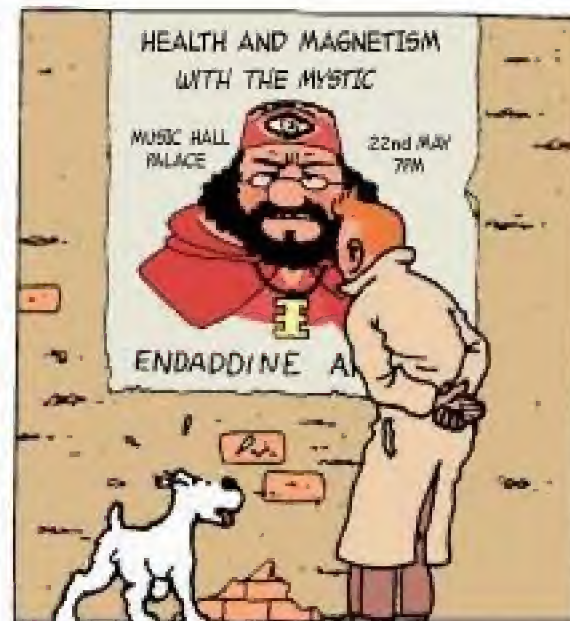
It's dreadful! ... You dare to
suspect me ... Me who ... Me
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

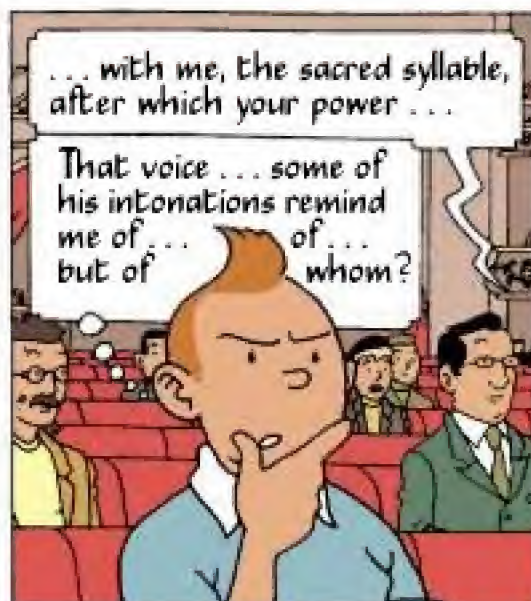
She seems sincere, this girl ...
But who, then? ... Who? ...
I wonder ... Who? ...
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't
we think of it before?

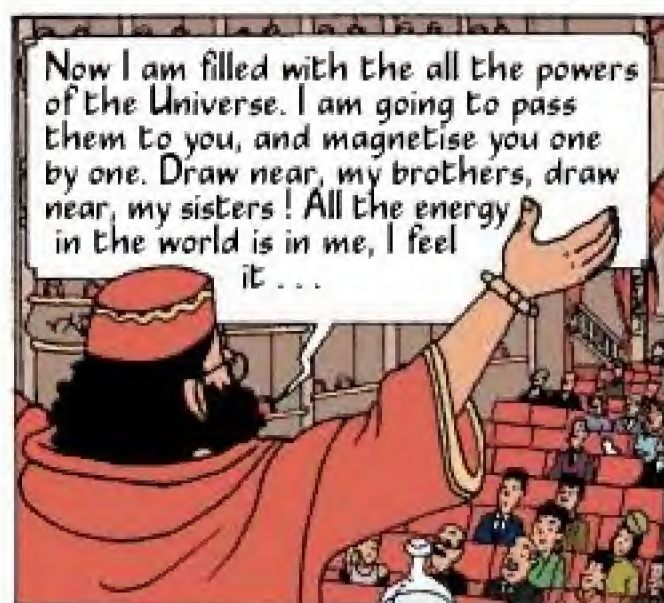




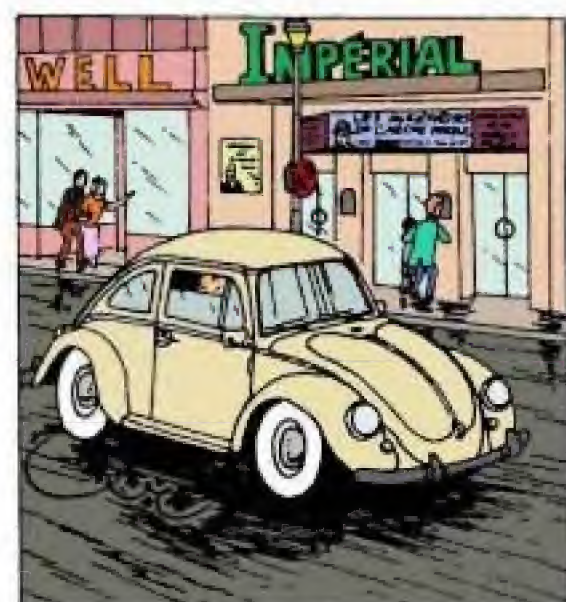
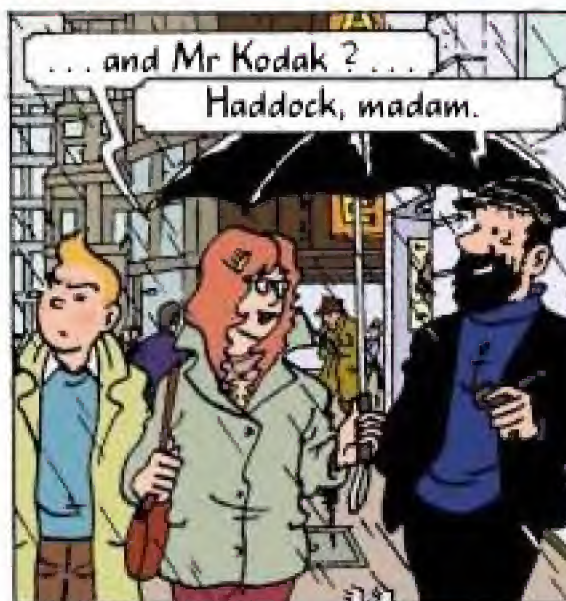


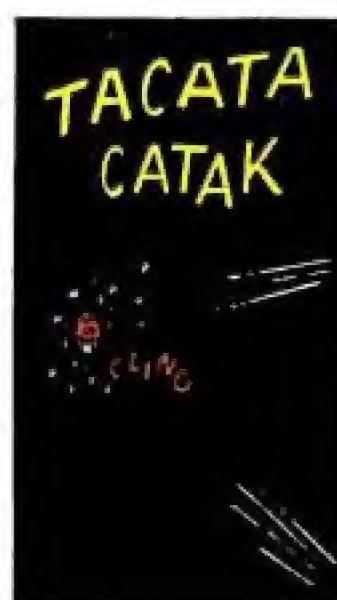
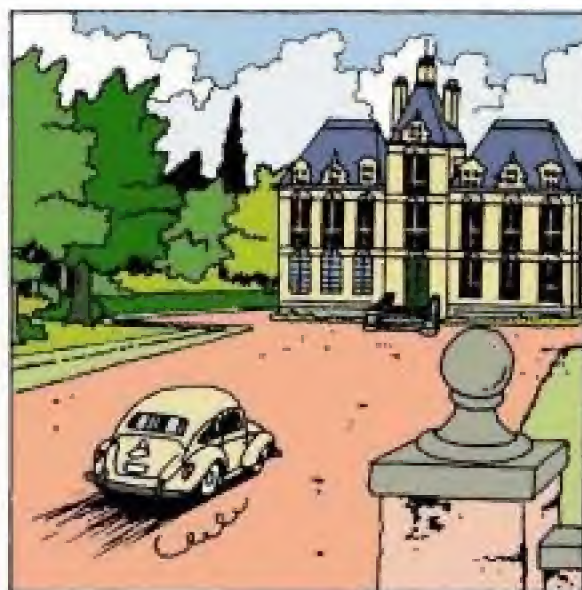


(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls







We'll start with the other tenants ...



RING

Mrs Tricot



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



RRRING

No dogs
in the flat.
No salesmen
or charity
collectors



Er ... What d'you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion.
Not on anything! ...
Now leave me alone!



BLAM



Where have I seen him
before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine
Akass meeting ... One of the
master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ...
In any case, there must be a
connection between Endaddine,
the microphone ...



He certainly suspects something ...
He came knocking on my door on the
pretext of some opinion survey ... I
understand ... We'll take care of
him ... Yes, properly this time.

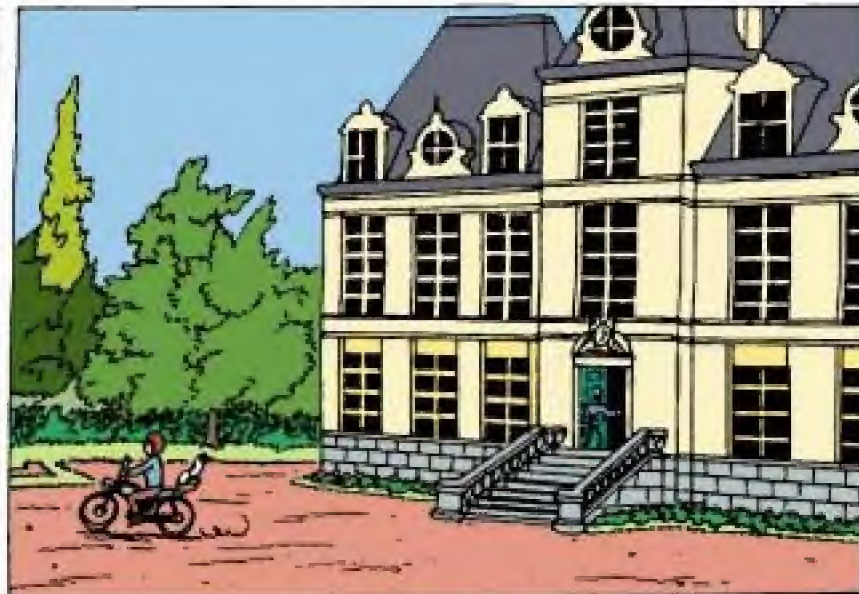


TO BE CONTINUED ...

The next morning ...

Take care !... You never know,
with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm
only going into
the village.



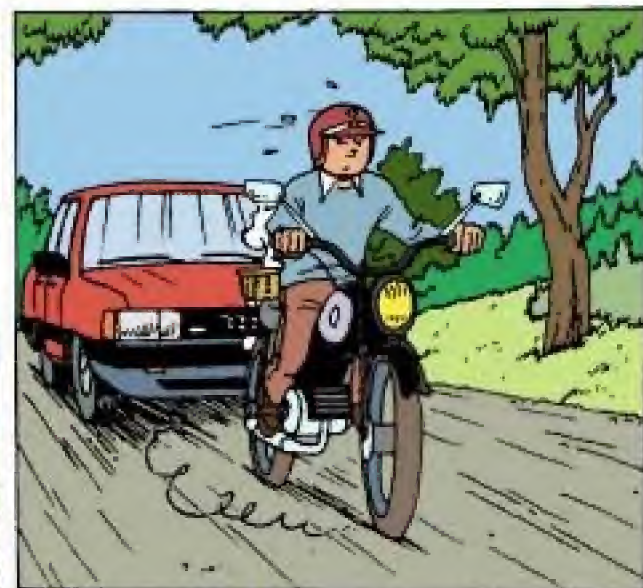
There he is !
Let's go !

GRRRRR
WOOAH!



!

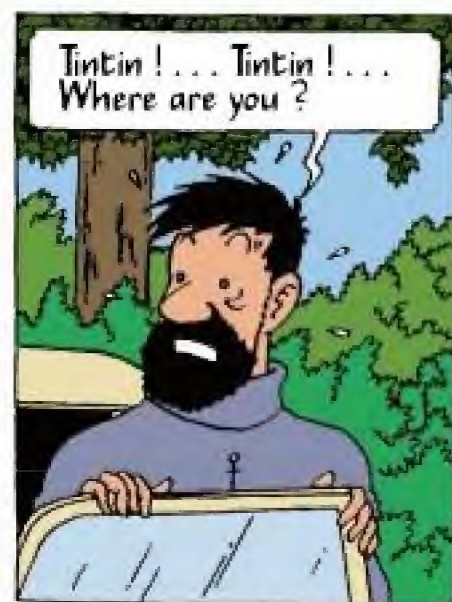
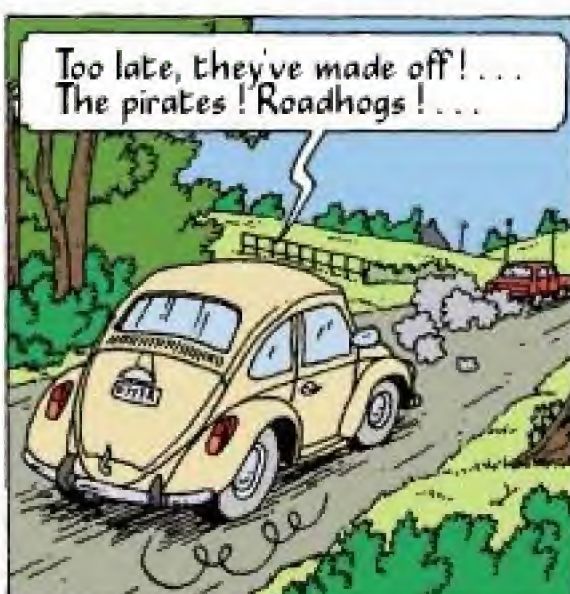
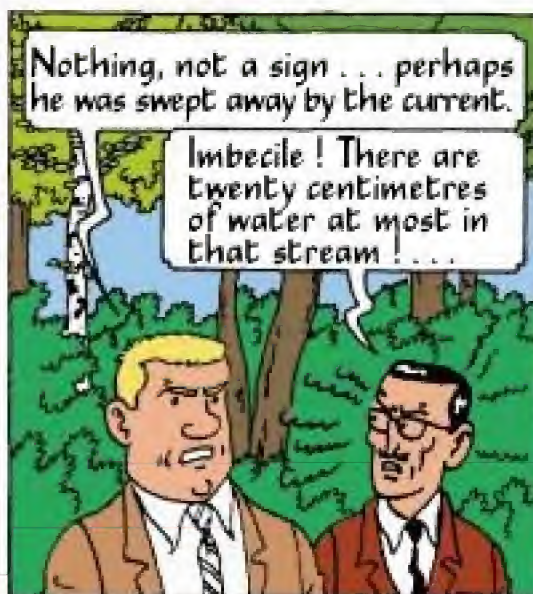
They're going to catch me !

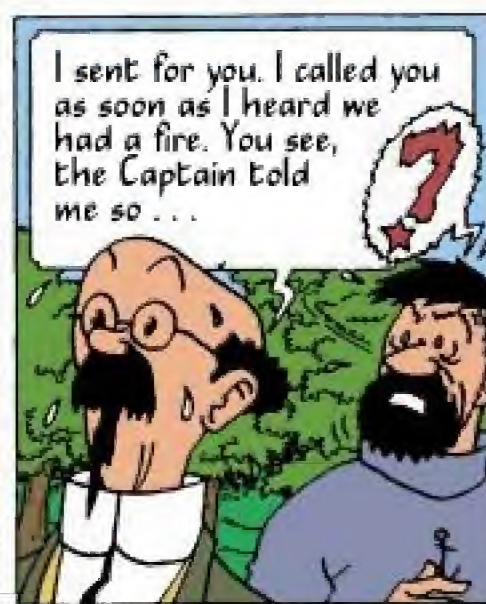
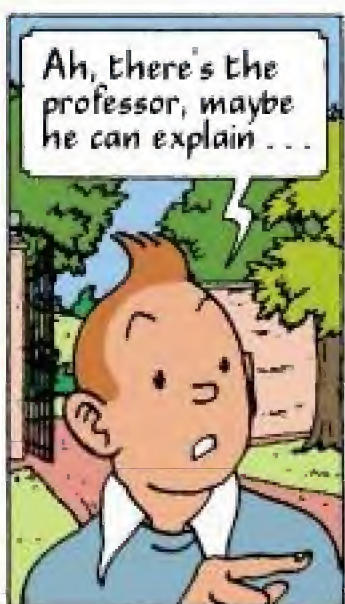


This time, I'll finish
the job !...

My poor Tintin, this could well
be the end !...

BANG BANG
SKRRRR!!
CRASH!





But who is trying to get rid of you?
And why? ...

That's what I'm
wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around
that Endaddine Akass. He planted
that jewel-microphone-transmitter
on Miss Martine ... What for, if it
wasn't to spy on Fourcart?

But it was you that
definitely told me we had
a fire!



We must find out more
about this mystic ...

Yes, but where
can we find the
overdressed
windbag?



Yes, where?



When Bianca Castafiore telephoned
last week, she told me that she
was going to spend a few days with
him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia?

It's an island
just off Naples.



I've got it!



The next day, at dawn ...



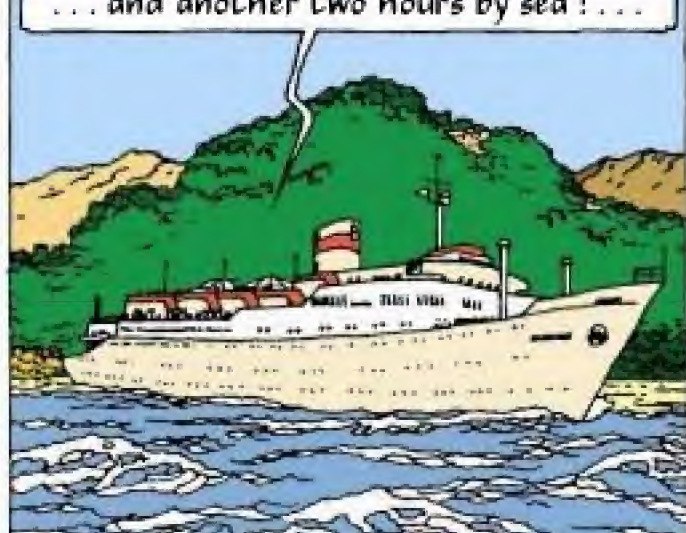
10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate,
unqualified masochism.
To come 2000
kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea! ...



All to find Castafiore! ...
We must be stark raving mad!

Taxi!



Here we are.



?



Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed... Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please... we need a little information... Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you. So, Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want...

A little later...

There - that must be it!

Hmm, I can't see anything...

Handy to take a dip from...

We'll have to climb higher...

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

Thundering...

?

Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?



Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!

Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



RRRIING



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...



Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But ...



Crumbs! ...



I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...



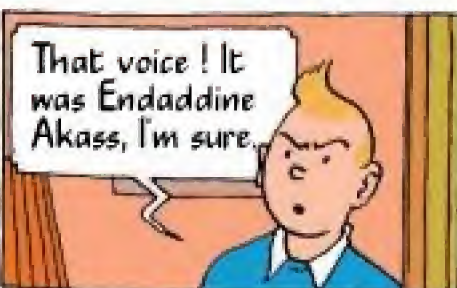
**KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK**

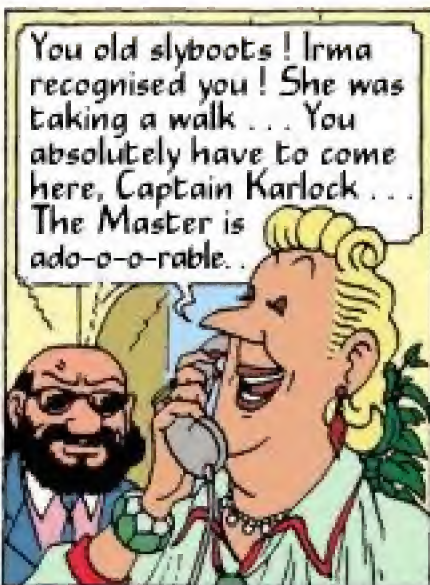


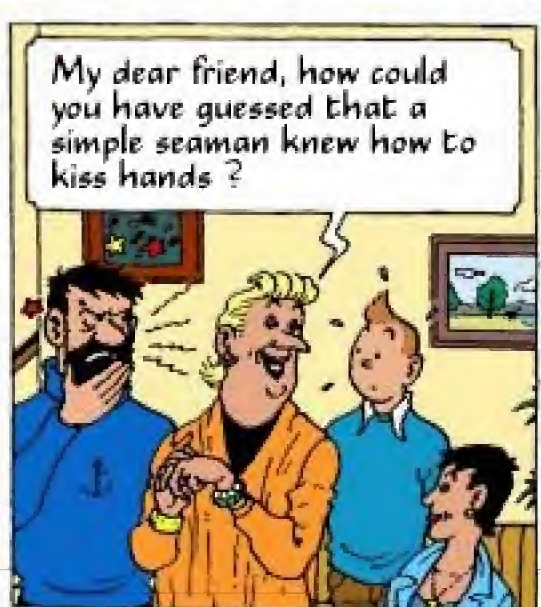
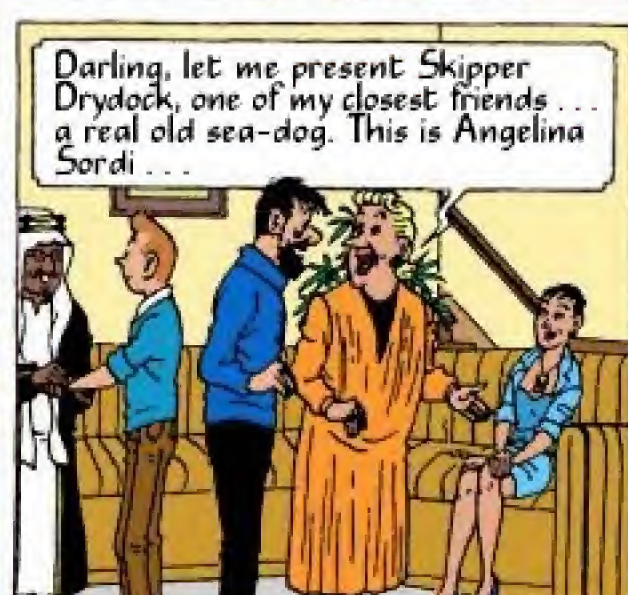
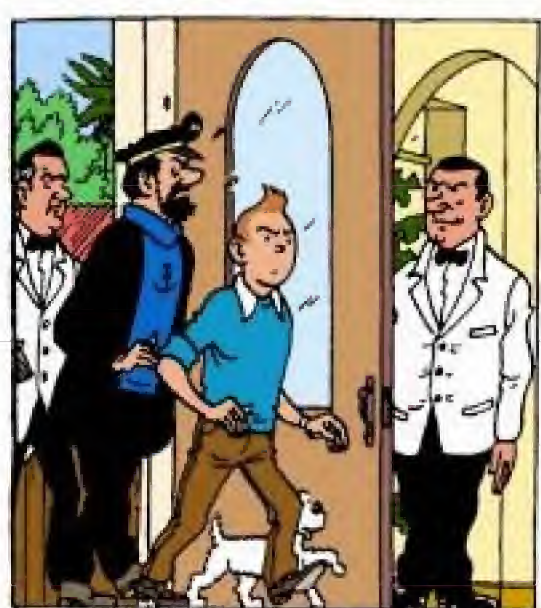
No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?

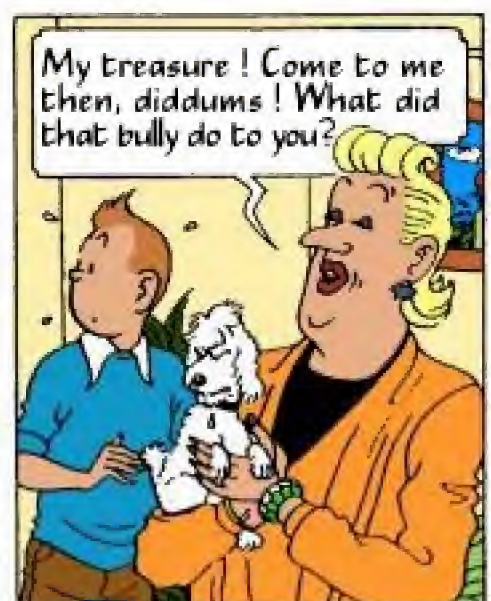
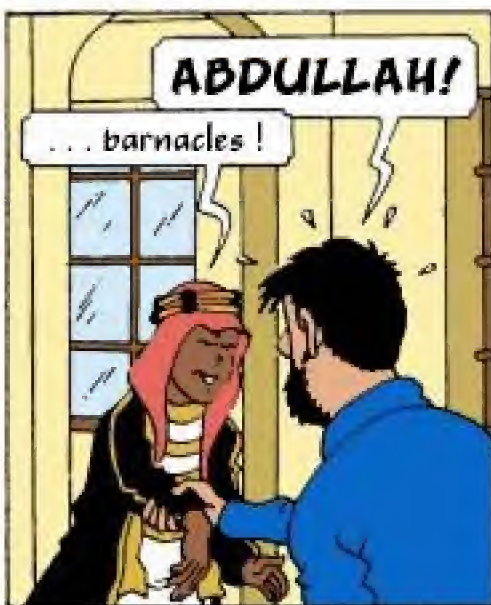


That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.



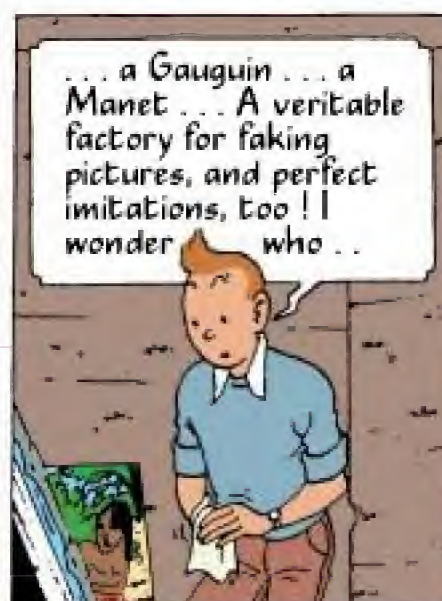






(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear





Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him!



It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Monastir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

You got rid of him!...



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...

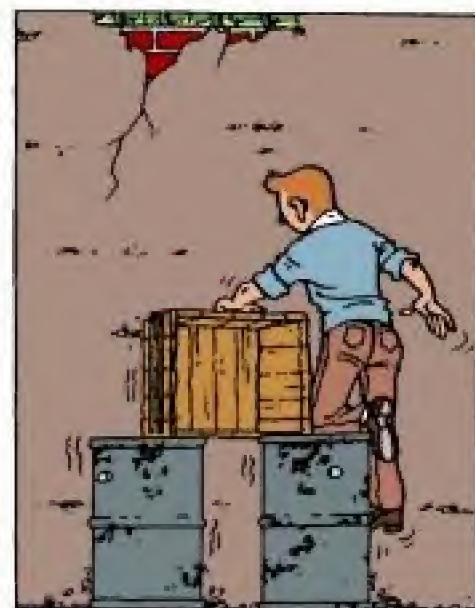


... constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.

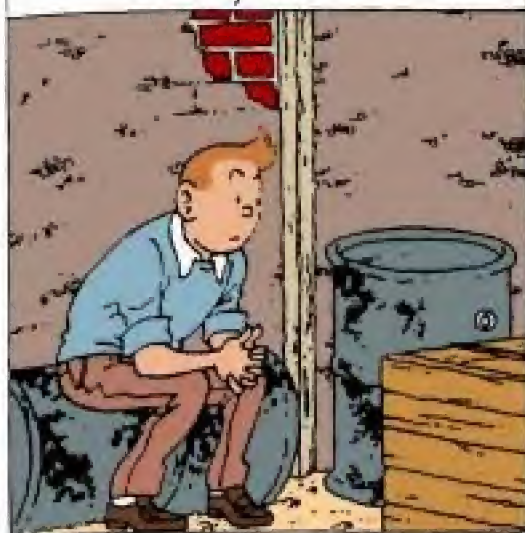


Come on, move! Where's Snowy?





Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César'.



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

Must play for time!



But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...



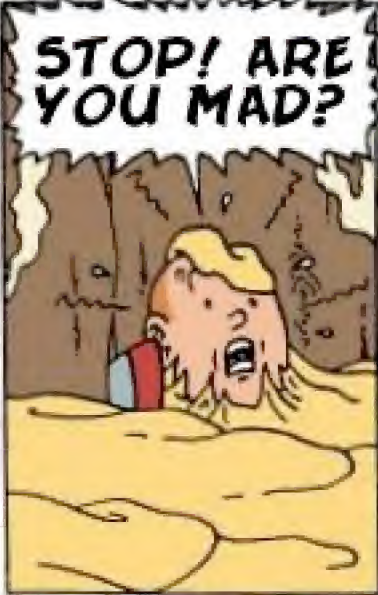
Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...



Now the formalities are over with. ... get in! Let's go!









TINTIN!

Wooah!



Tintin! ... Lad! ... In Heaven's name, say something! ...

WOOOUAW...



Captain ...

Hurray! ... He's alive!



The bandits ...

WOOAH!



Sea-gherkins! Pyrographers! Turncoats! Zapotecs! ...

Captain ...



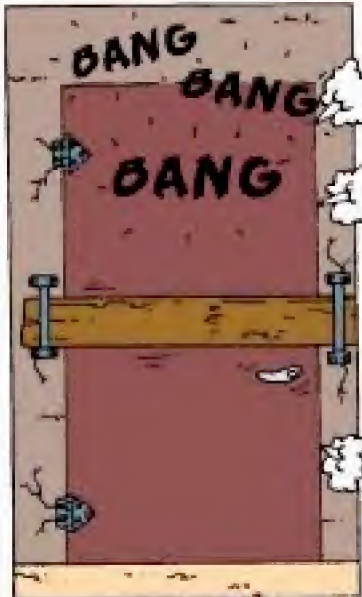
We've got to get out of here ...

You think that you'll be alright to run?



Argh! ... They're barricaded the door with a plank of wood!

We'll do it, boss!

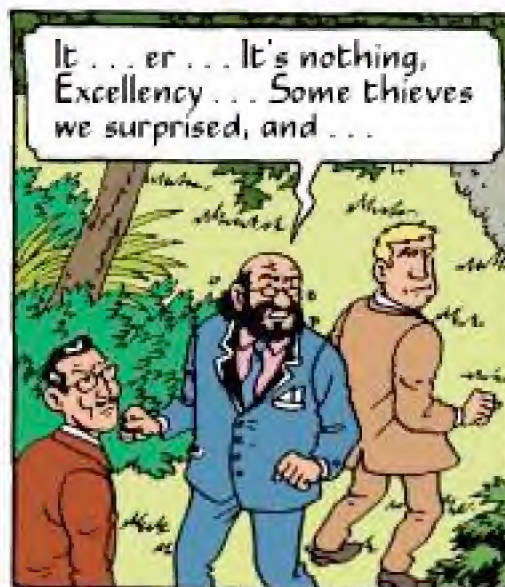


I'll stop them, boss, don't worry! ...





I heard gunshots!...



It... er... It's nothing, Excellency... Some thieves we surprised, and...



Oh, how amusing! You must call Tintin, the young reporter, who we invited yesterday. This would certainly interest him!

That's true...



Impossible, he's the thief! Him and that bearded sailor!

No!...



What?!... That's impossible! Captain Paddock would never do something like that! He owns a country house!

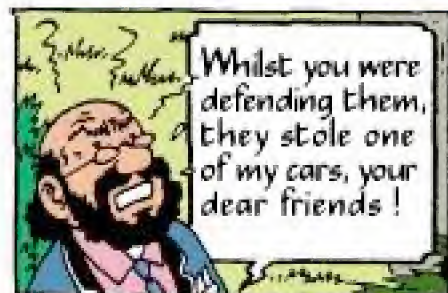


And Tintin could never be suspected either!

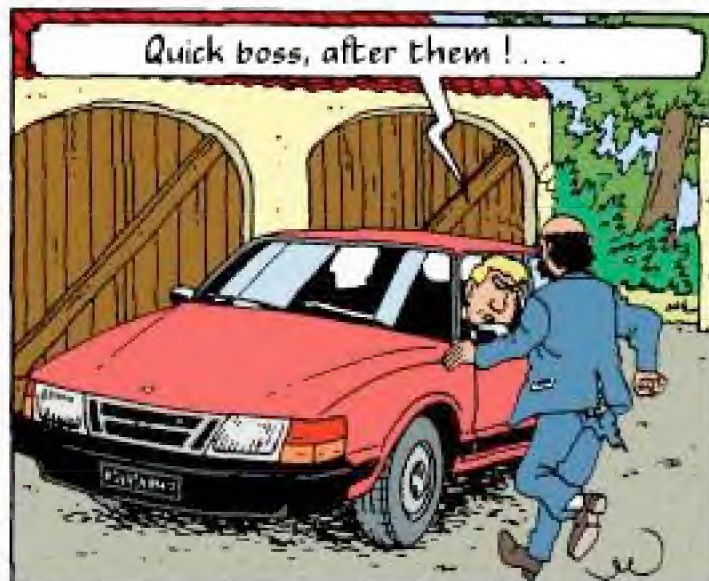
That's true...



VRROOM



Whilst you were defending them, they stole one of my cars, your dear friends!



Quick boss, after them!...



What's going on?

It's unimaginable!

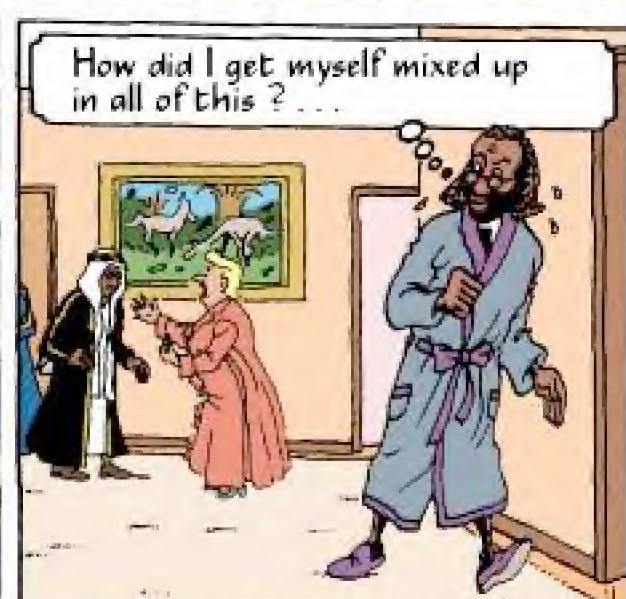
Impossible!



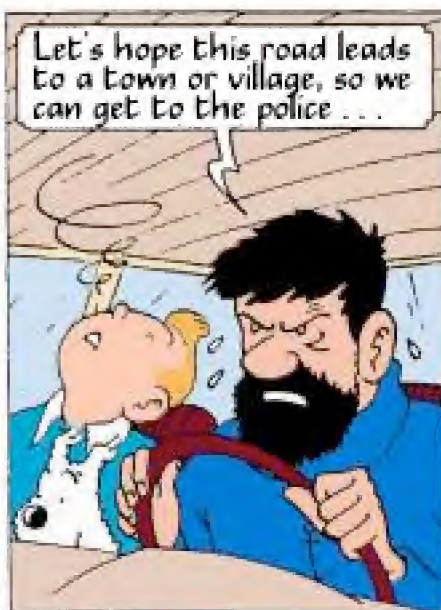
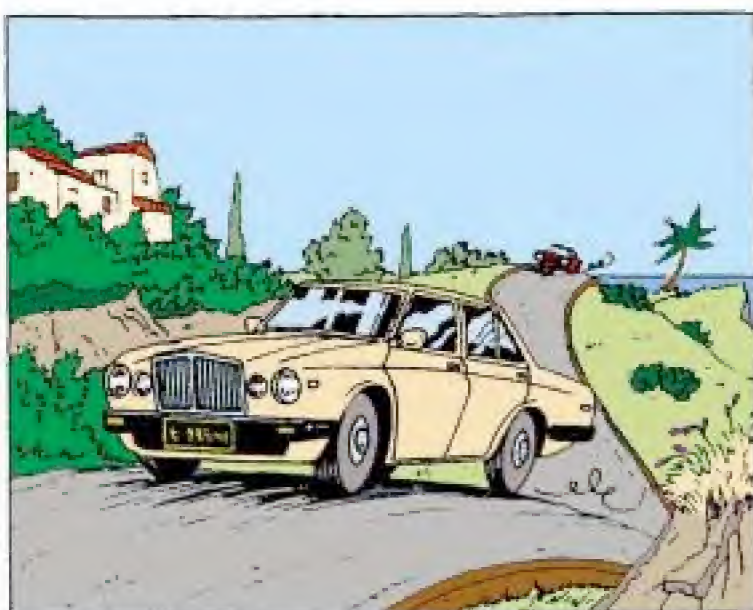
The Master accused our friends Tintin and Captain Hammock of theft! It's unthinkable!



Myself, I've known Tintin and the Captain for ages, and I am certain that this is a mistake!



How did I get myself mixed up in all of this?...



Let's hope this road leads to a town or village, so we can get to the police...



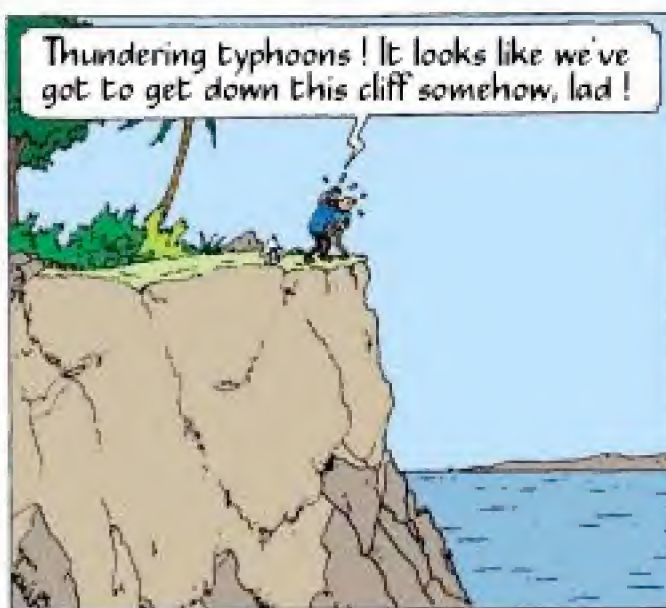
It's a dead-end, we've got them! Ha! Ha!



Come on! Tintin, make an effort, they're coming!



Woah!



Thundering typhoons! It looks like we've got to get down this cliff somehow, lad!



Go on ahead, Captain... I'll stay here for a while...



What?!... I'm not leaving you here to fall into the clutches of those ectoplasms again, thundering typhoons!



There's no choice, Captain, I can't get down there, but with you free, you can find the police!

You're right!...

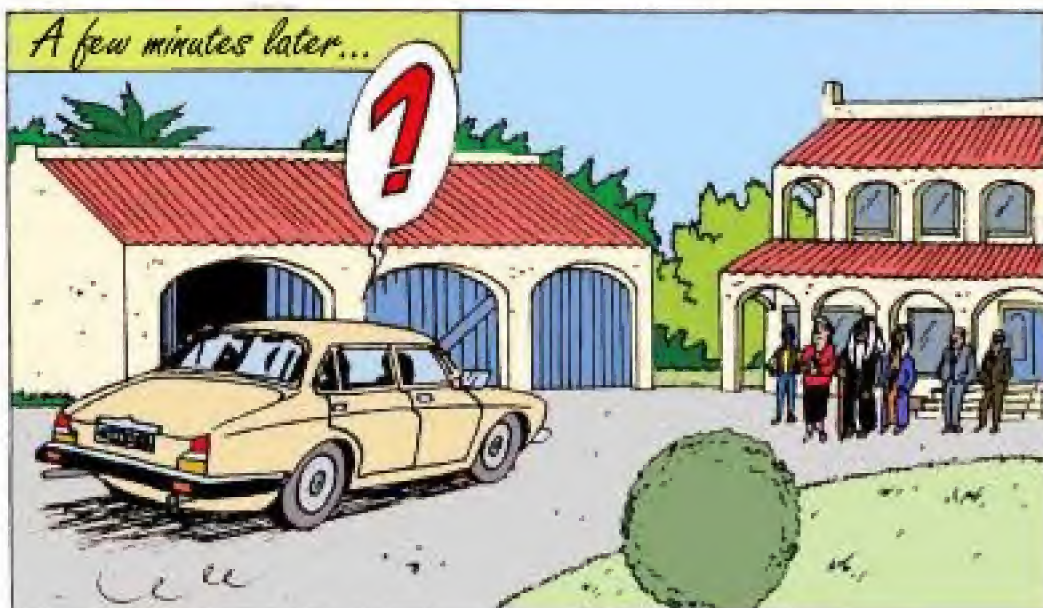


A bit late for that, my friends...

This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible! There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!...



Have you called the police?
I... I was just going to...



No one can help us now, eh?



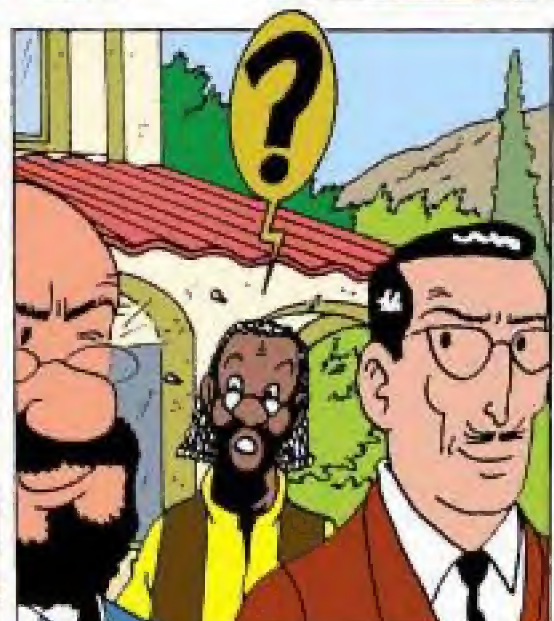
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive... Er, it's a legal technicality... you understand?



OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.



Shortly ...



Mr Akass ? Can you come with us to make a statement ?

Of course ...



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash ?

Er ... Yes ... Just a little shopping in the village ... What can you do ? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone ... But our poor friends ...

Don't worry ...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock ...

May the Madonna protect them ...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin ... on his way to jail ! Revenge is sweet !

I'll drink to that !



Blistering Barnacles in jail ?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives ! What a waste !



I'll bet that you're not real police officers !

Oh no ! We've been demasked !



Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live ...



Here we are, everybody out.



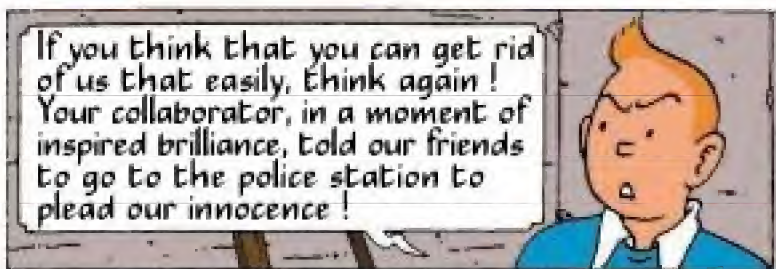
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



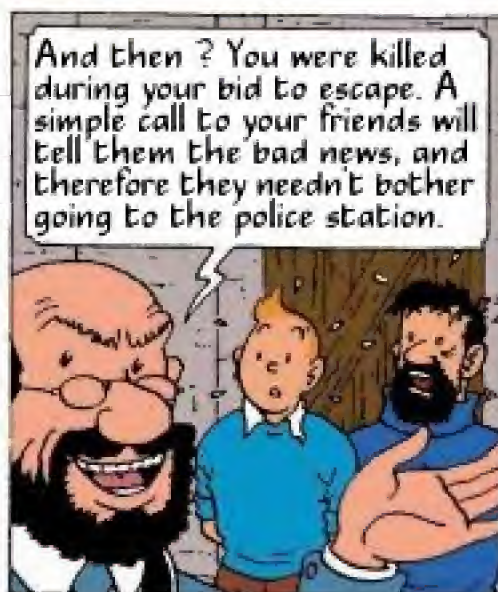
Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

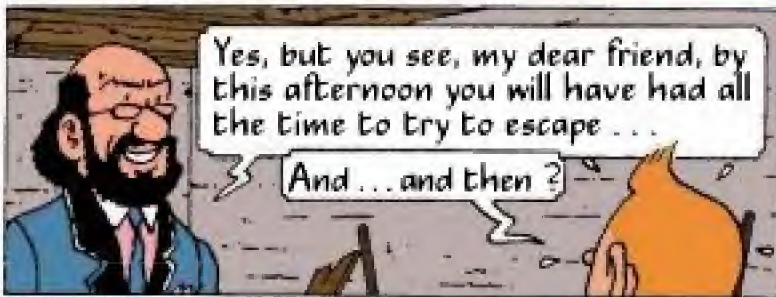


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!



Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!

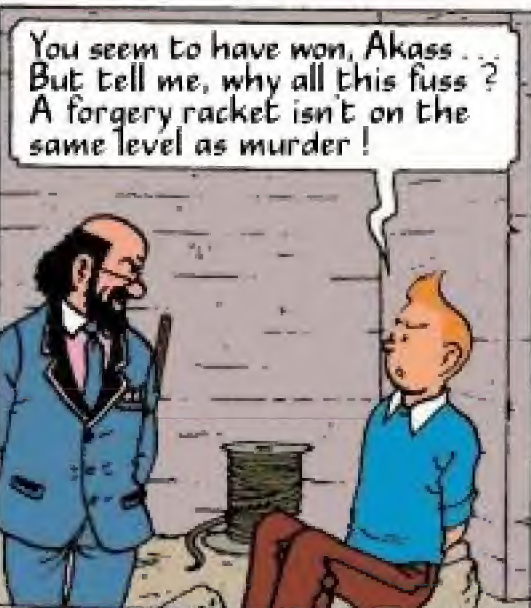


Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it ... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass. But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!...



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But!... But?... It's impossible!
I saw you go down with your launch
in the Red Sea (1)... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know, we've met since that day,
although you don't remember...

Some years ago, I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszlo Carreidas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was des-
troyed by a volcano... I
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how, since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica.
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recrui-
ting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly...

And Allan, the fresh-
water pirate? Is he not
with you?... Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorillas?

Meanwhile, in the United States...

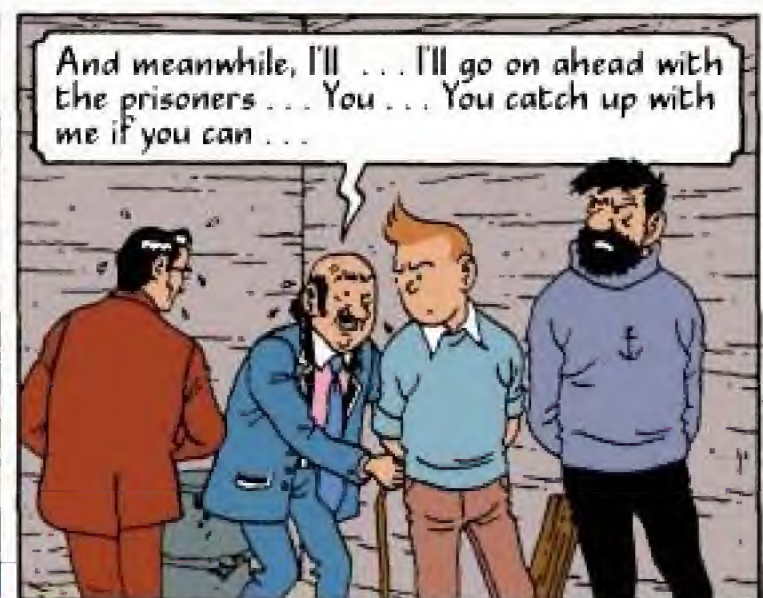
And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to...
You ask too many ques-
tions, young man!

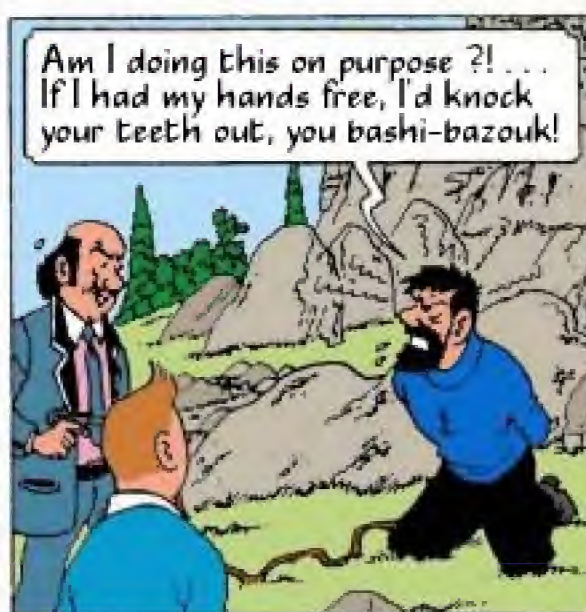
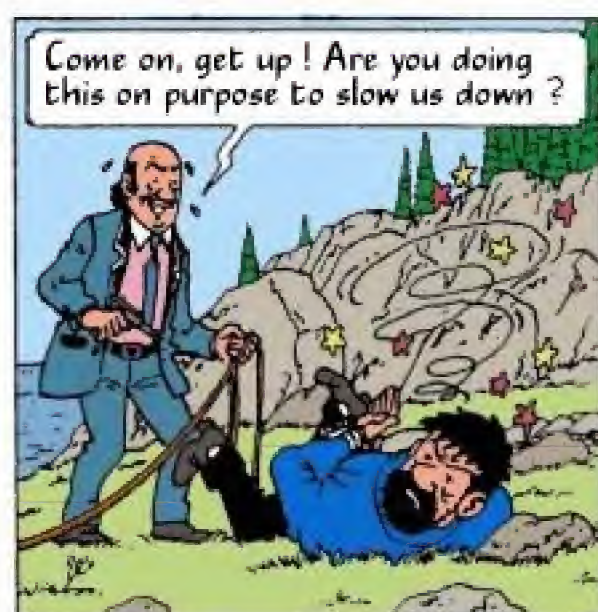
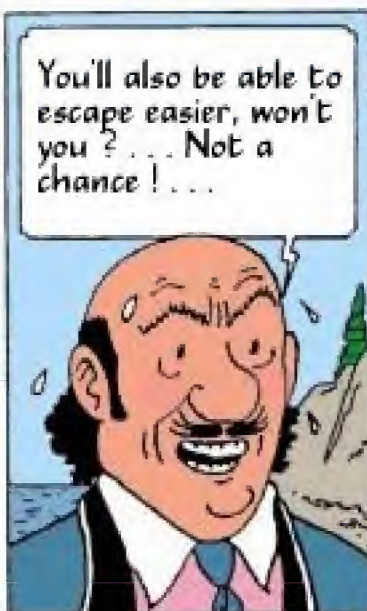
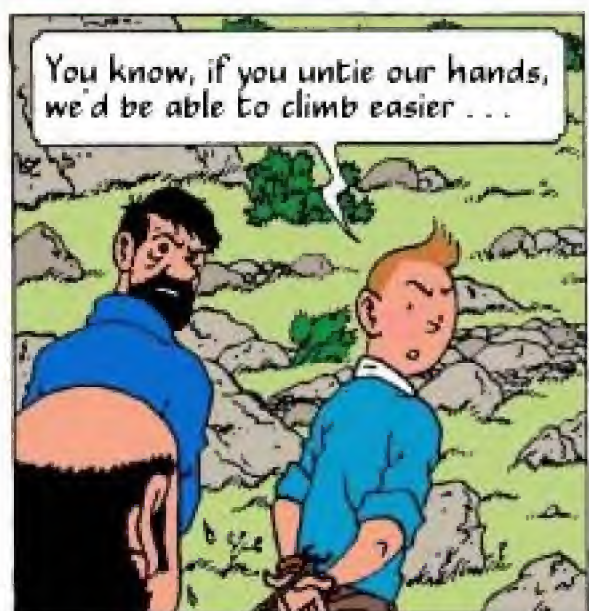
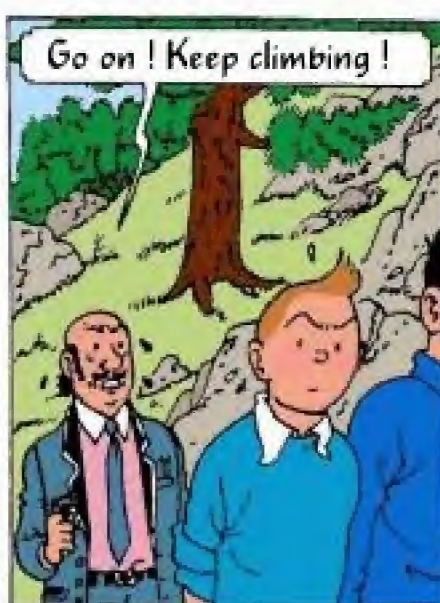
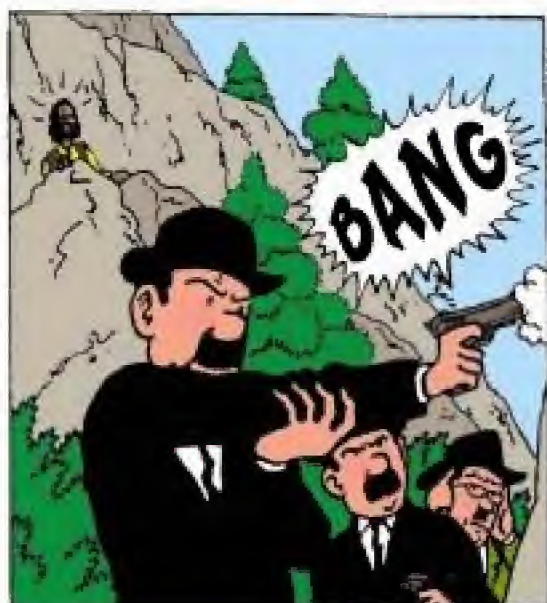
Allan? That idiot
refused to help!
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet...

But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time, aren't they?
Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them!
With pleasure, boss!...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



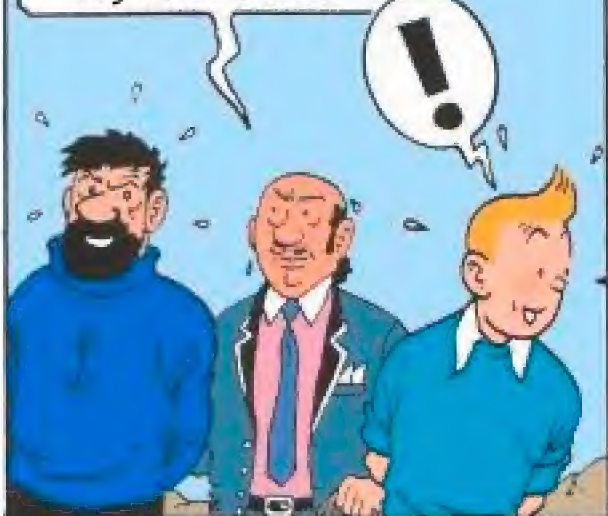
That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



GIVE UP, RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!



BANG BANG



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!



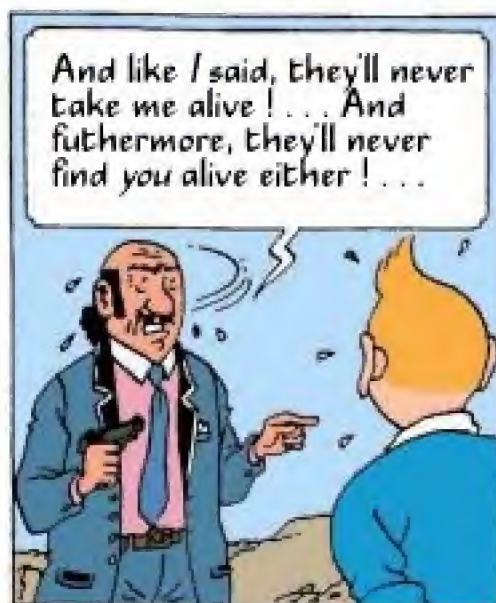
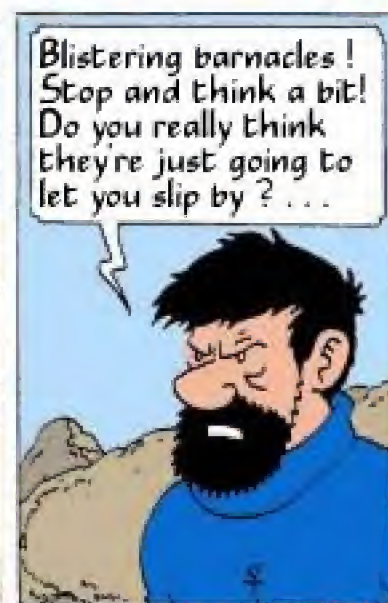
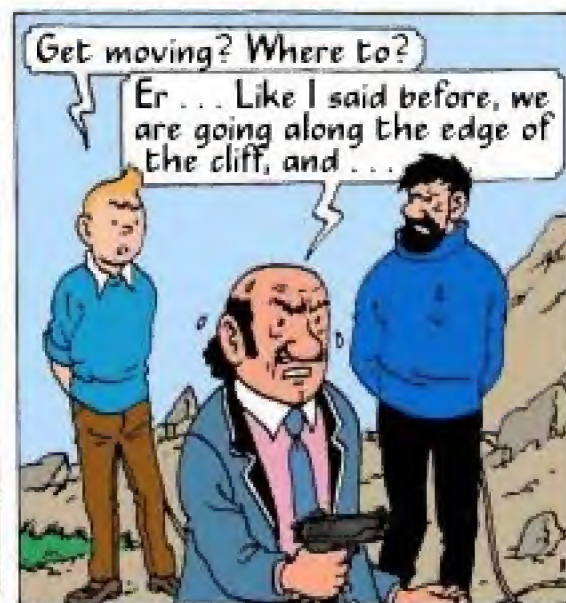
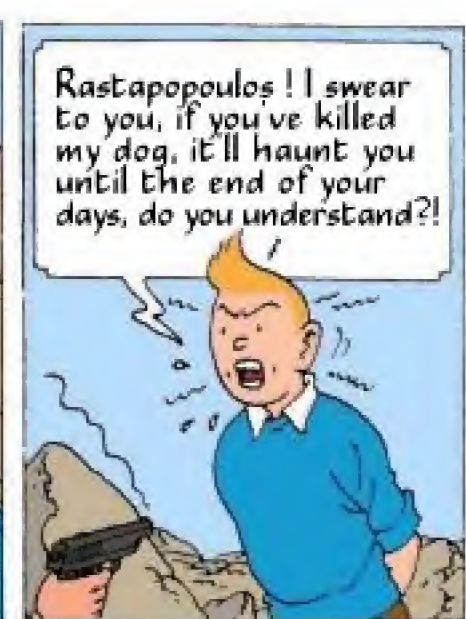
Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?

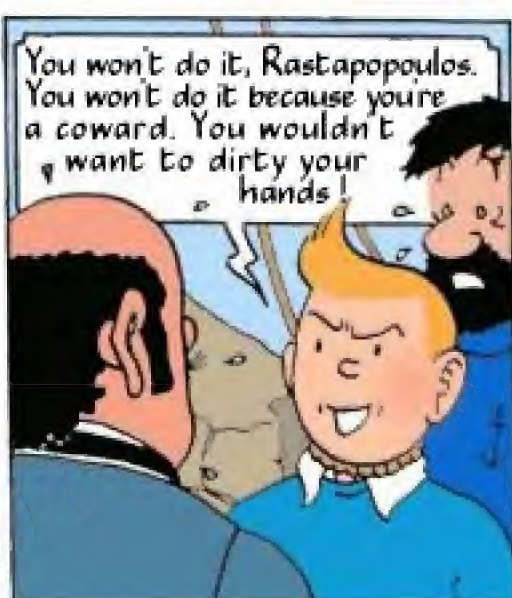
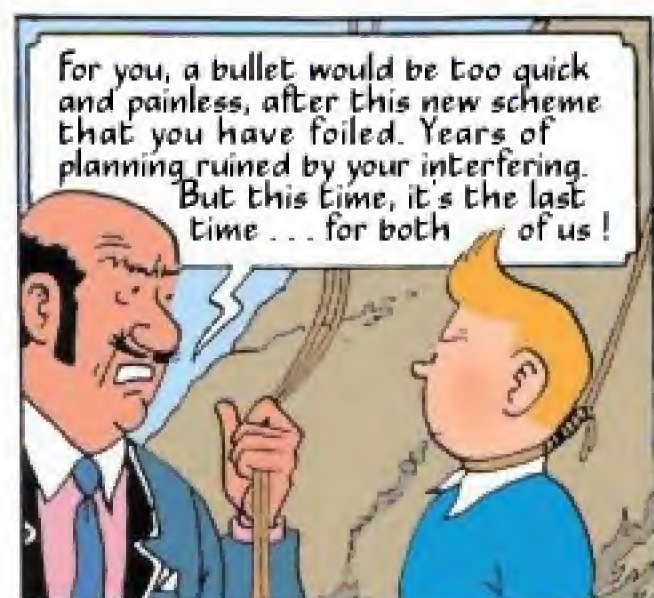
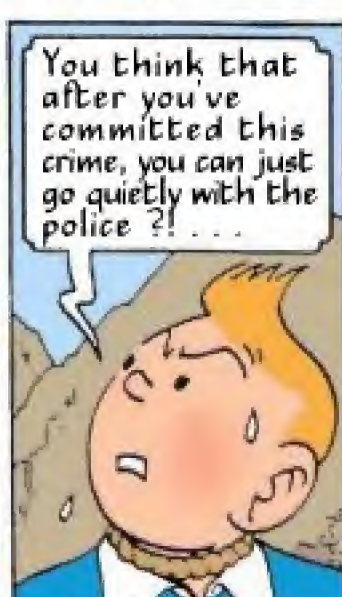
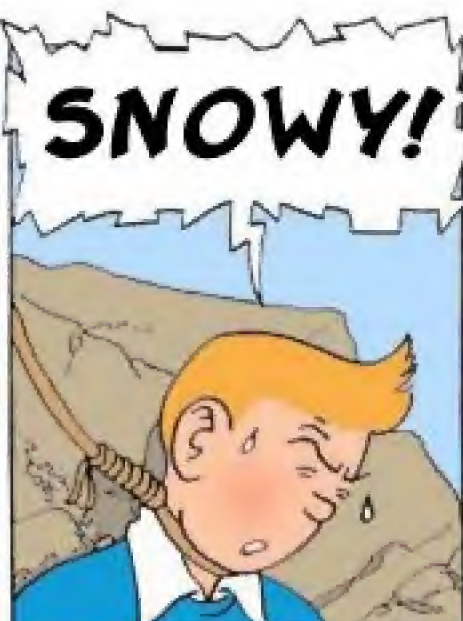


ARGH!

SNOWY!









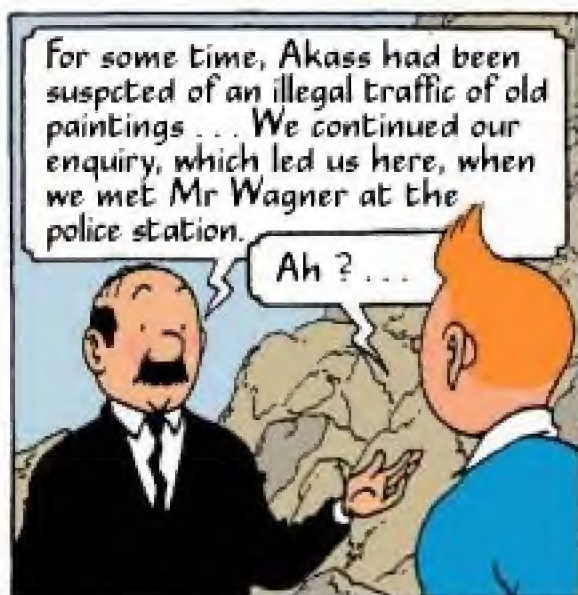


And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew ! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape ... no, a narrow ...

Definitely ! ... But how did you find us here, in Ischia ?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings ... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

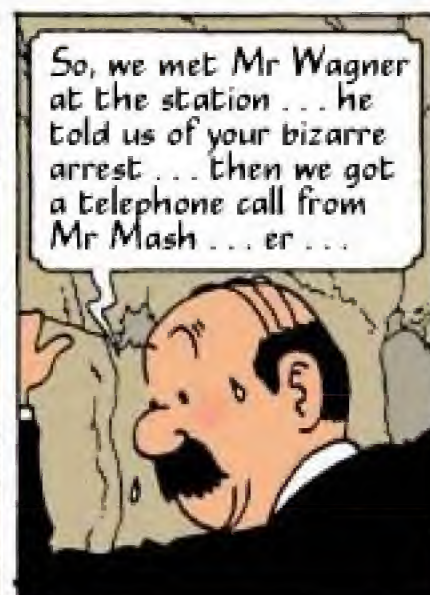
Ah ? ...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the ...

... the bandit.

That's right. ...



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station ... he told us of your bizarre arrest ... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash ... er ...

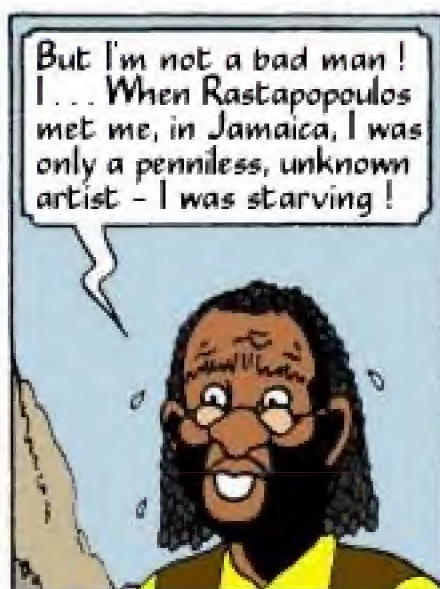


Nash ... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash ?

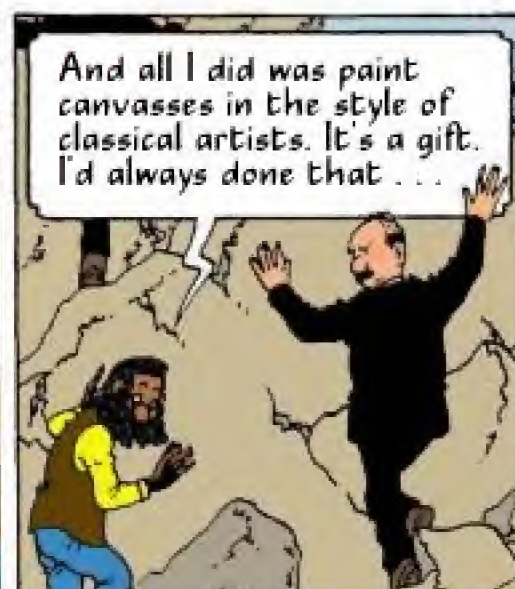
Er ... that's right. ...



But I'm not a bad man ! I ... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving !



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition !



And all I did was paint canvasses in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that ...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah ! There ! I ... I think I see him.



Is ... is he ... ?



Yes ... dead. God rest his soul !

TORE in AP

Alph-Art busin

Shanghai, wh

staying,

with

End

Ben Nash abandons plans to

art mums in Khemed

When asked about recent events, the Emir said: "I knew that Tintin and Captain Haddock were innocent. They are old friends of mine, and they helped me get my son back when he had been kidnapped by the dastardly Doctor Miller, and they also looked after my little ducky when I was in hiding in the Djebel mountains. But I now have absolutely no intention of building art galleries in Wadadshah."

kass & Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

RASTAPOPOULOS: TALENTED FRAUD

Robert Rastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Red Sea Sharks" affair, as it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had resurfaced under the guise of a false beard and plastic surgery. "The Master" as he was known to members of his sect, used this as a cover for a more sinister business - art forgery on a grand scale.

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually came to the villa during a fight between his footling and fell to his report indicating it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually came to the villa during a fight between his footling and fell to his report indicating it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

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ES

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At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually came to the villa during a fight between his footling and fell to his report indicating it is likely he body will be where he was buried in the

The reporter Tintin foils an internatio

PICASSO, MONET AND MORE

In the cellar of the villa belonging to Rastapopoulos, the police found a large number of canvases ready for dispatch. There was nothing remarkable about this - Rastapopoulos often visited the villa. However, the matter became somewhat more curious when the paintings were signed by Picasso, Monet, Modigliani... and all looked genuine. They were, in fact, painted by Nash, who supplied the forging ring with duplicate masterpieces. They were then passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert, such as the unfortunate Jacques Monnet and General Fourcat. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE

It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

REPORTER AND GIBBON

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It believed that the paintings were sold to rich Arab collectors. A list of has been found at the villa and are planned to be

One of the most infamous terrorists of our time, the criminal mastermind Roberto Rastapopoulos, was killed yesterday on the island of Iachia, Italy.

Foiling under the guise of mystical guru Sodaddine Akass, Rastapopoulos, the head of the national of fugees

Two days later ...

By thunder! More journalists!

Look here, Mr Tintin! Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

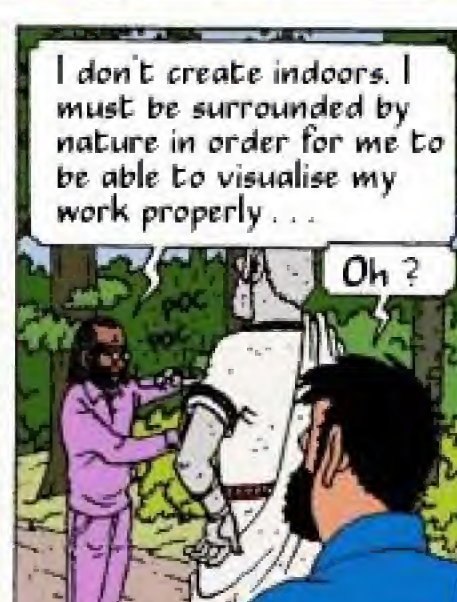
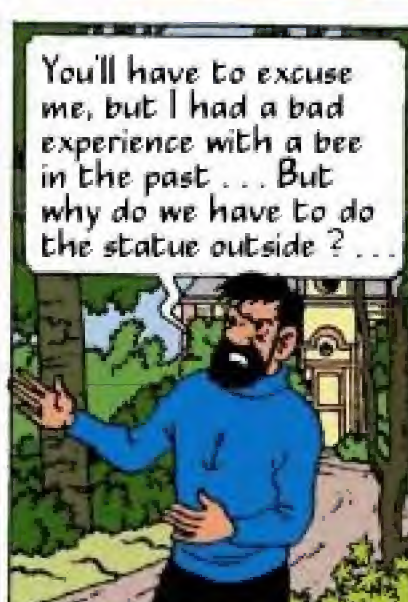
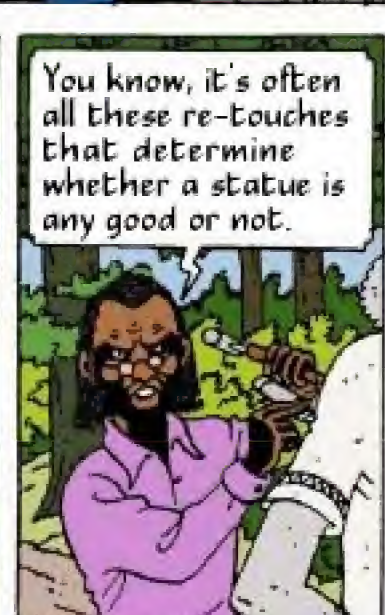
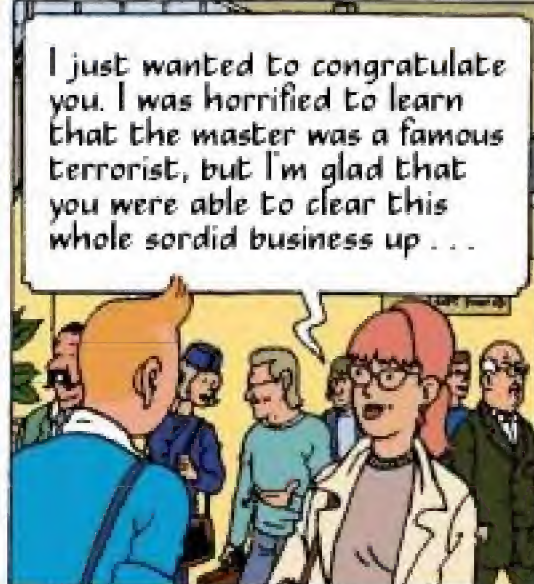
Do you plan to stay there?

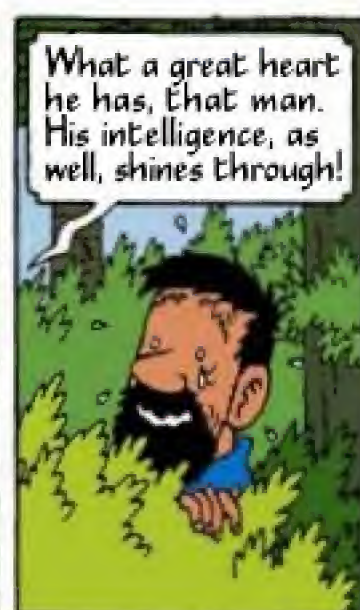
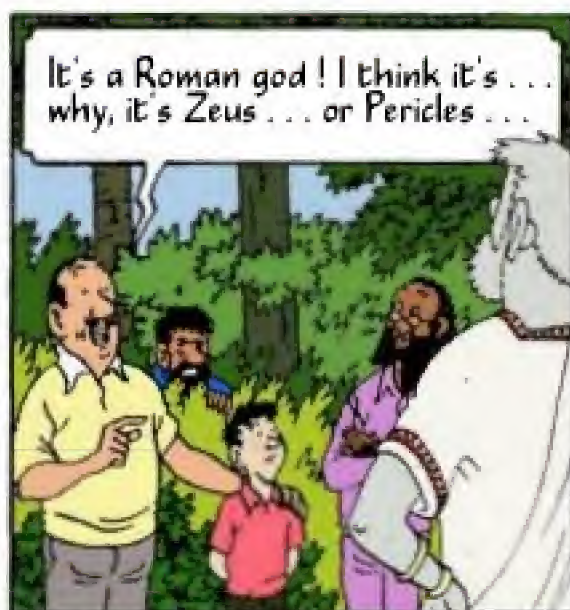
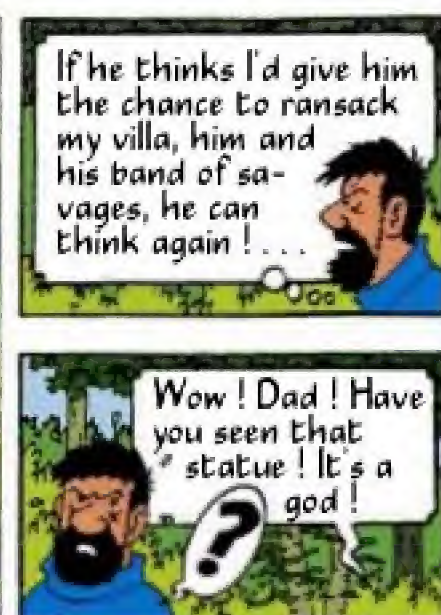
Blistering barnades! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...



















TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.